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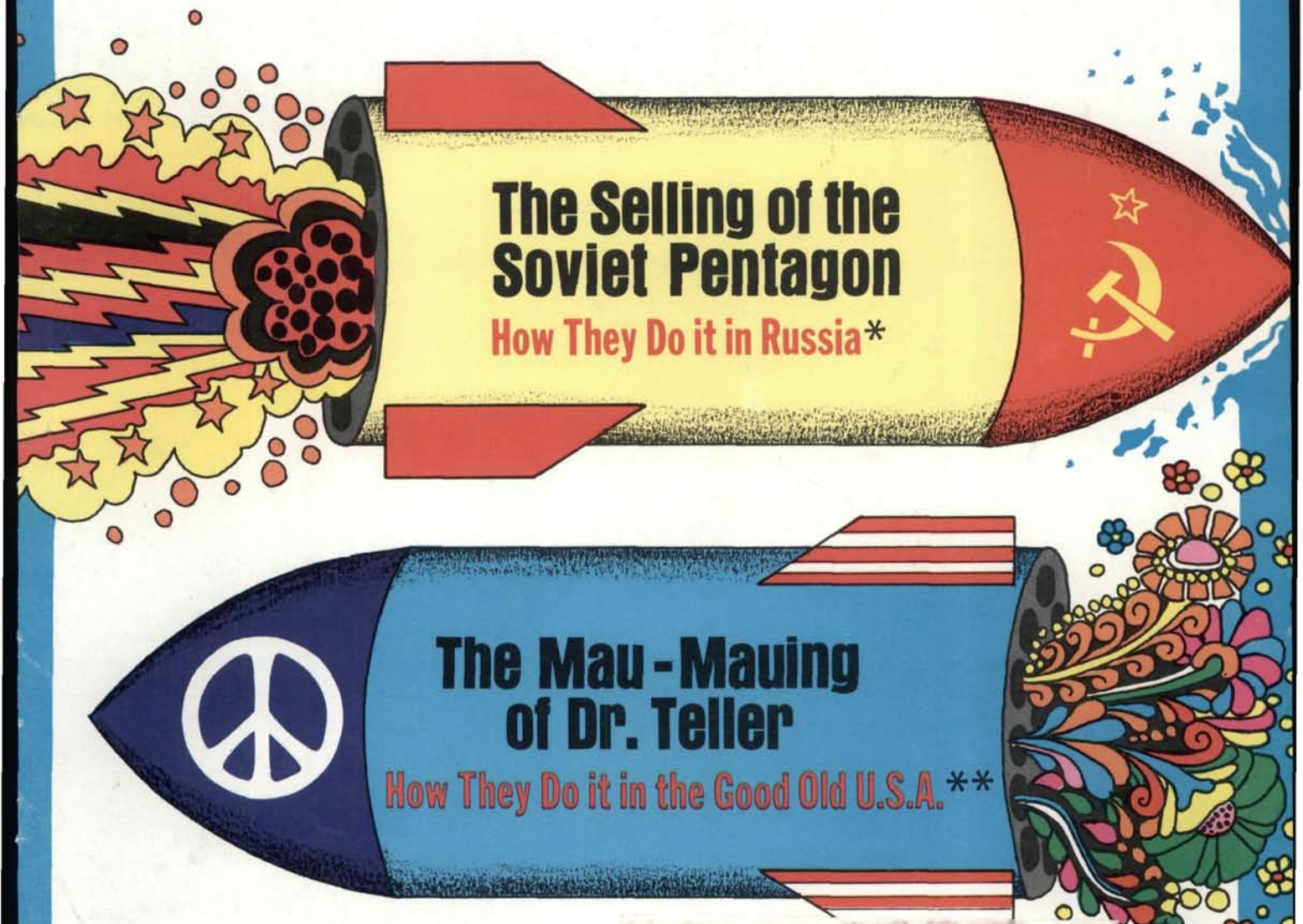
JUNE 29, 1971

Buckley on McCloskey
see page 722

NATIONAL REVIEW



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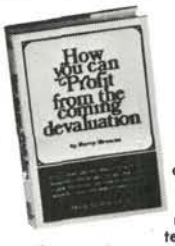

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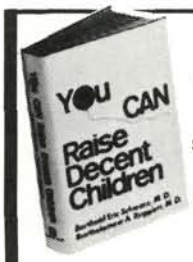
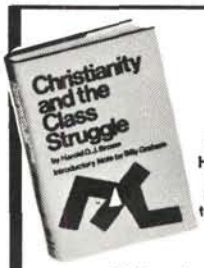


187. You CAN Raise Decent Children by Berthold Eric Schwarz, M.D. and Bartholomew A. Ruggieri, M.D. How to bring up your children in a nation dominated by Liberals who seem hell-bent on turning every youngster into a victim of their mindless permissiveness. But there is hope — and the psychiatrist and pediatrician who wrote this book have some sound advice for parents who are deeply worried. Retail price $9.95.



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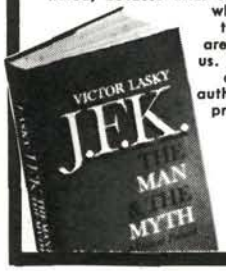

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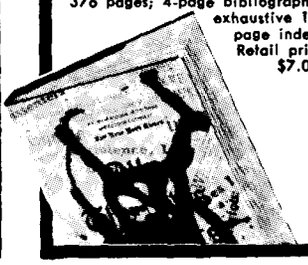

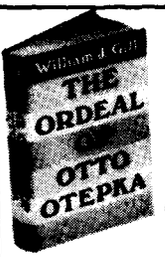

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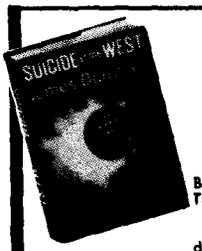

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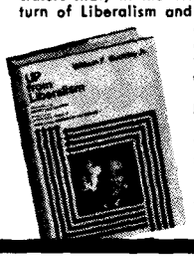

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In This Issue we inaugurate a new section: "Arts and Manners," in which we plan to cover lots of ground. Henceforth the book section will deal with books only; appreciations of the lively arts will be found in Arts and Manners, with contributions from our regulars: David Brudnoy on movies, William F. Rickenbacker on music, Ruth Berensen on art, Richmond Crinkley and W. I. Scobie on theater. The "Delectations" page moves to the new section; Nika Hazelton, Alec Waugh, Francis Russell, John C. Smith and the rest will continue to hold forth on travel, food, wine and the good life. Arts and Manners will be edited by C. H. Simonds, who will also be doing reportorial articles now that John R. Coyne Jr. has abandoned us for a position writing speeches for Vice President Agnew.

Milorad M. Drachkovitch, whose well-informed report on "The Selling of the Soviet Pentagon" appears in this issue, came to America from his native Yugoslavia in 1958. Since 1961 he has studied Soviet affairs as a Senior Fellow of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford University. . . . W. I. Scobie has observed the continuing harassment of Dr. Edward Teller at close range, having moved to California eighteen months ago "for reasons which now escape me." He is a frequent contributor to British journals. . . . Richard F. Gibbs writes about revolution, and knows about it: After two stints in the Air Force and eight years in the contracting business, he returned to the University of North Carolina to work for a Ph.D, specializing in the American Revolution. The doctorate has been postponed pending completion of Mr. Gibbs' duties as Executive Secretary of the North Carolina American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. ("We have the apparently rather bizarre notion here that our programs ought to aim for an American spiritual renaissance more than for a Superama Fourth of July Blowout.") . . . Johannes Eff's book of superpoems is in a second printing; his latest masterpiece appears on Page 696.

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Subjects ranging from labor negotiations (Theodore Kheel) to women in business (Letty Pogrebin, author: *Making It in a Man's World*); to selecting consultants (Roger Golde, author: *Can You Be Sure of Your Experts?*); and new marketing strategy (John Z. DeLorean, general manager, Chevrolet Division) . . . plus guidance on telephone problems, the Mafia, patent protection, mental illness, commercial spying.

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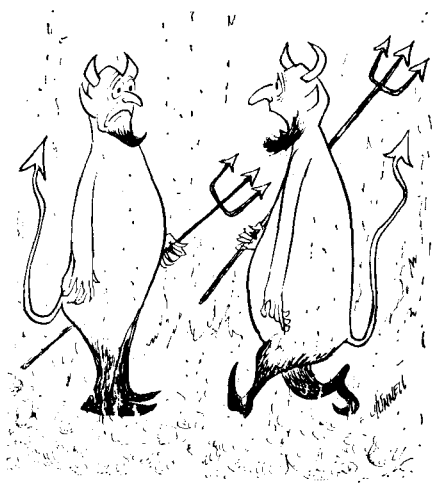
FOR THE RECORD

■ It looks more and more as if Teddy's in the race. **Evans** and **Novak** say the "Big Three" are **Muskie, Humphrey** and **Kennedy.** The AFL-CIO's man on the Hill, **Andrew Biemiller**, recently told a number of union leaders: "If anybody thinks Ted Kennedy is not running for President, they're nuts." . . . *Monday*, the hard-hitting newsletter of the **Republican National Committee**, points to all the ex-Kennedy aides who've endorsed or taken jobs with the **McGovern** campaign (**Walinsky** and **Goodwin**, in the Speechwriting Dept., **Frank Mankiewicz**) and concludes: "The McGovern for President Committee is rapidly becoming a wholly-owned subsidiary of Edward M. Kennedy Enterprises, Inc." . . . And it's been a bad month, all in all, for Edmund Muskie. In May he was telling leading New York Democrats that his pre-convention campaign would be costing "at least $10 million." By last week, **Berl Bernhard**, his campaign director said he thought a $1 million budget for 1971 would be easier to meet than an originally much higher figure. . . . **Birch Bayh**, for one, says he's not going along with the Muskie proposal that the Democratic hopefuls restrain their pre-convention campaign spending. Says Bayh: This would give Muskie an advantage since he got national exposure when he ran for the Vice Presidency. . . . Also bad news, the fact that Sen. **Henry Jackson** of Washington has formally opened his campaign headquarters in Washington. Jackson says he thinks the other front-runners are off base in concentrating on Vietnam; where **Nixon** is vulnerable, he says, is on the domestic economic issues.

■ Is Nixon winding down the war? American servicemen killed in **Vietnam** in the first three months of 1968, 4,869. In the first three months of 1971, 633. . . . The largest Protestant denomination in the country, the **Southern Baptist Convention**, voted down a statement declaring there were "moral ambiguities" in the Vietnam war, went on to commend the President for reducing American troops in Southeast Asia. . . . Fun and games, **Rennie Davis** has called meeting of his **People's Coalition for Peace and Justice** (the group that put on the **Mayday** demonstrations) for Milwaukee, June 25 to 27. It will meet at St. Michael's Church and School—that's **Father Groppi**'s church—and plan its fall peace activities. . . . **Jerry Gordon**, a key man in the Trotskyist-dominated **National Peace Action Coalition**, is off on a nationwide speaking tour to drum up interest in peace demonstrations in New York over the Fourth of July weekend. Under discussion: plans to disrupt return of the holiday crowds.



Dunnett, *Canada* — Ben Roth Agency

"We're in trouble—Ralph Nader has been spotted in the area."

■ **Catholic Charities** reports that it, alone, is feeding half a million **Bengali** refugees in India; the bishop in charge says the conditions among the refugees are the worst he has seen in a quarter of a century of relief work. Latest figures are that nearly six million East Pakistanis—most of them Hindus—have fled the reign of terror of President **Yahya Khan**. . . . A recent **Gallup** poll of world leaders who were asked: "Who is the most admired person in the world?" came up with Mrs. **Indira Gandhi**. Others, in order, **Willy Brandt**, Mrs. **Golda Meir**, **Pope Paul** and **U Thant**. . . . **Simas Kudirka**, the Lithuanian sailor who made the mistake of trying to escape via a U.S. Coast Guard vessel, has been sent to the Potma labor camp to serve out his ten-year sentence. That was the prison where authors **Andrei Sinyavsky** and **Yuli Daniel** were *held*. . . . East European *reports indicate* **Antonin Novotny** (the man **Dubcek** replaced) is back in the Czech Communist Party after a couple of years in disgrace. Novotny, led the Stalinist faction that ruled Czechoslovakia until 1968, ordered the trial and execution of **Rudolf Slansky**. . . . Incidentally, Slansky's wife and son, whose civil rights were restored in the late Fifties, are reported to have been stripped of their CP membership, refused permission to work.

■ Watch out for **Women's Lib**. The *Guardian* reports women demonstrators in Washington cross that Dr. **Benjamin Spock** was chosen as a speaker for peace because he "believes that girls should be raised to be 'feminine' and that boys should be raised to be 'men.' " . . . Edmund Muskie feeling the flak too. He's against abortion, which means, say the women's libbers, that he's against women controlling their own bodies. . . . Radleft meetings these days are chaired by "chairpersons." . . . And even **Karl Marx** is getting it. Was he a male chauvinist for coining the slogan "Workingmen of the world, Unite!"? No, reports **John Peet** in a solemn article in the *World*. The word that Marx and Engels used in the original German was "proleterians," but the translator, thinking it an un-English word, substituted "workingmen." If anyone was at fault, Peet concludes, it was the translator.

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LETTERS

The Smaller, the Better

Professor Ernest van den Haag ["Letters," May 18] confirms my morose suspicion that the thunderclap of good ideas strikes me, more often than not, after it has first struck others (I except my notion of shrinking people in order to solve the population/natural-power-resources problem, an idea John Leonard cribbed from me in *Esquire*, drat him; and my notion of taping people's Famous Last Words before they decease—I would supply a list of Fabulous Last Words to be chosen from, FREE—and then installing beside the grave markers waterproof tape machines, operable for the small sum of 25 cents by the curious, 50 per cent of the returns to go to the heirs and 50 per cent to yours truly).

As for Russell Kirk's column [May 18] on the same subject, I feel he himself suggests the answer to some of the problems raised by pay-as-students-go education: Philanthropic individuals or organizations interested in education will take care of that person whose economic backing is exiguous and who may want to pursue a worthy but economically unrewarding career. Further, with education paying its own way, and with governments out of the picture, thus reducing tax burdens, there's likely to be more private money available for such support.

Along with shrinking the physical size of human beings, I'm for shrinking the size of institutions. One culling out of my Fabulous Last Words is: The Smaller, the Better, Sometimes. (That is, Less is More or Less.)

Madrid, Spain F. REID BUCKLEY

Milner on Pakistan

It isn't often that one can imagine an article in NATIONAL REVIEW having been reprinted from the *Nation* or the *New York Review of Books*. But this is true of Joe Milner's article on Pakistan ["Why the East Chose Revolution," May 18], which illustrates the way in which liberal verbiage describing a world that might be rather than the world which is can, through constant repetition, rest undisturbed in a journal of conservative opinion.

The basic approach of the article is unobjectionable; the Easterners not only have all the moral arguments but have been led by moderate, decent men of Western orientation, while the civil and military leaders of the West are religious fanatics, anti-American demagogues, or both.

However, in the concluding paragraphs of the article, Milner tells us that literate East Pakistanis are and have been motivated primarily by a desire to raise the living standards of the masses, and that their desire to break their ties with Islamabad is prompted not by selfish or even by political considerations, but by this lust for a better material living standard.

There is the strong implication here that the Pakistanis' political activities are being determined by what a Marxist would call "objective economic factors." The fact that this can be readily swallowed by many Americans is evidence of the cruel contempt for the great unwashed which hides under such gushy sympathy and intellectual perversion. Did Patrick Henry speak out of a concern for the living standards of his less fortunate fellow citizens? Did Lee or Lincoln or Wilson play out a role written for them by the factors of production? Does anyone doubt that the people of East Pakistan, probably the poorest in the world, would willingly give up every stitch of their miserable rags, give up half their inadequate diets, and accept a quadrupled infant mortality rate if they could only live free of Punjabi rule? Their motives are *political*, not economic. And thereby, foolish or wise, victorious or defeated, they gain the human dignity they could never have if their struggle were equivalent to the performance of a pig wandering from one trough to another.

Until Americans can understand this essentially conservative truth—that man does not live by bread alone—we will continue to assume that social problems in America can be solved by allocations of economic resources, and we will continue to believe that Yankee-baiting student revolutionaries in Latin America will become quiet and diligent if and when the "deprived masses" in their lands begin receiving more balanced diets, warmer clothes and modern hospital care.

Washington, D.C. CECIL OSBAINE

Creasey Replies

The distinction of having a book (*The Smog*) reviewed in your columns and by a reviewer with such love of and faith in the mystery novel [John R. Coyne, "The Fleming Conventions," April 20] has its own particular satisfaction. How dare I ask for more? Only, I do assure you, in the interests of accuracy.

First, a trifle. If indeed I described the Yellowstone and Grand Tetons regions as being near the Grand Canyon, as Mr. Coyne says, then I must have been inept indeed, for more than a thousand miles and vast differences in terrain separate them. *Could* I have been so inept? Or did Mr. Coyne misread?

Second, a real body-blow—the simple statement that through Dr. Palfrey I followed the "Fleming convention of the supranational spy ring." Oh, dear. Dr. Palfrey must surely be the grand-daddy of them all. After six books of apprentice-

(Continues on page 717)

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THE WEEK

■ Fidel Castro's May Day speech was a while ago but, like the Gettysburg Address, it should live on. Unlike the Gettysburg, Castro's speech dealt with ways to save electricity. Kerosene stoves were preferable to electric. Wash-and-wear clothes don't need ironing, therefore . . . Elevators often are stuck because of power failures. Castro wants to "build the first five floors [of all apartment buildings] without elevators." That way, Castro reasons, a smaller percentage of the population will be stranded in elevators. Athletes will live above the twentieth floor and when "electricity goes off and the elevators don't work, this provides a magnificent opportunity to have an Olympic race straight up," Castro says. Finishing, he spoke of the Cuban way of getting along: "We have rationing here. Capitalism doesn't have rationing. It has money."

■ Although Hubert Humphrey had been making increasingly doveish noises all spring, he has responded firmly to Ted Kennedy's assertion that President Nixon is deliberately extending the war for political motives. Kennedy had said, in a speech to the National Convocation of Lawyers To End the War which was entered into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Philip Hart: "The President invokes his Quaker heritage—and today, we indiscriminately bomb innocent Asian people. . . . At last, the ultimate cynical reality of our policy is beginning to dawn on the American people. The only possible excuse for continuing the discredited policy of Vietnamizing the war, now and in the months ahead, seems to be the President's intention to play his last great card for peace at a time closer to November 1972, when the chances will be greater that the action will benefit the coming Presidential election campaign. How many more American soldiers must die, how many innocent Vietnamese civilians must be killed, so that the final end to the war may be announced in 1972 instead of 1971?" When Robert Dole brought the matter up on the Senate floor the next day, Humphrey said: "Some of us think there ought to be a time [deadline] expressed. The President disagrees. That is his point of view. I do not think that makes him bad or cynical. It is a matter of judgment. . . . I believe the President does want peace. We got into this war with all of us sharing responsibility for getting into it. I believe we have to share the responsibility for getting out of it. . . . I think the President of the United States wants this war over. I do not think he wants the blood of Americans to be lost. I do not think he wants the lives of Americans to be lost. I think he wants peace. I will try to help him get it."

■ Two biology professors at the University of Chicago have applied to the University of Hanoi for a grant of $700 to finance a study on the restoration of Vietnamese land ravaged by war. That news prompted Edward Anders, a professor of chemistry at UC, to write a letter to the editor of the campus newspaper, of which the following is an excerpt: "If Professors Lewontin and Levins are sincere about wanting to help North Vietnam, they should not ask Hanoi for money. It is like asking blacks or American Indians to pay for research on their rehabilitation. Seven hundred dollars in hard currency is a lot of money for North Vietnam. It will buy a hundred scientific books, thirty journal subscriptions, thousands of doses of antibiotics, or fifty to three hundred dinners for Xuan Thuy in Paris. If these examples are not persuasive enough, it will also buy 6.023×10^{23} rounds of ammunition, 2,713 hand grenades or 314 mortar shells. . . . Besides, I suspect the North Vietnamese know how to fill in bomb craters without advice from UC faculty."

■ Two opening guns of two Kennedy campaigns:

"For the fourth or fifth time within a week, the Secretary of Defense has insisted that our missile program is coming along fine. . . . The Administration's logic . . . is that since we don't have *any* missiles ready for use and since the Russians don't have *enough* missiles to destroy every one of our military installations here and abroad, a rough parity exists. It could also be argued that there is no 'missile gap' between the United States and Liechtenstein. . . . We will at some point be without effective retaliatory power. . . ." (Richard Rovere, "Letter from Washington," the *New Yorker*, February 14, 1959.)

"[The CIA] now seems to have surpassed itself—at least in independence and courage—by blowing the whistle on Melvin Laird and his braided alarmists in the Pentagon. It has disputed publicly the official view of the 'missile crisis,' and while it would be premature to say that it has destroyed the government's case, the presumption must always be that the government's case is overstated to begin with. . . . Much depends on how one evaluated the significance of empty space—in this case, holes in the ground around Moscow. . . . The confirmed fact was, [Laird] said, a 'sobering' one: The Soviet Union was 'involved in a new—and apparently extensive—ICBM construction program.' . . . Now comes the CIA to strike a blow for sanity and peace. Essentially, its argument is that you can't judge a hole by its size. . . ." (Same, "Same," *Same*, June 5, 1971.)

■ Note It: *Life* Magazine is the first of the media giants to recognize that our military machine is in real trouble. In a lengthy article in the June 18 issue, George P. Hunt lays it on the line, pointing to Russian superiority in ICBMs, widespread demoralization in the Army, critical need for new fighters and long-range bombers for the Air Force, the Navy's trying to make do with antique ships while the Russians build, build, build new vessels. We don't buy all of Hunt's proposals for reform (dump ABM, turn to seaborne ICBMs, cut down the number of men in the Army, abandon most overseas Air Force bases and rely instead on tactical wings that can be flown anywhere in 48 hours), but some of them merit serious

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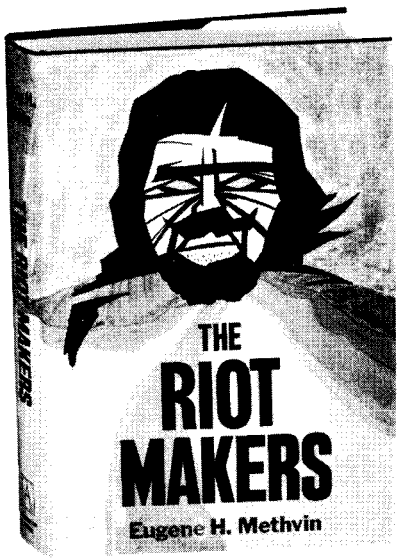

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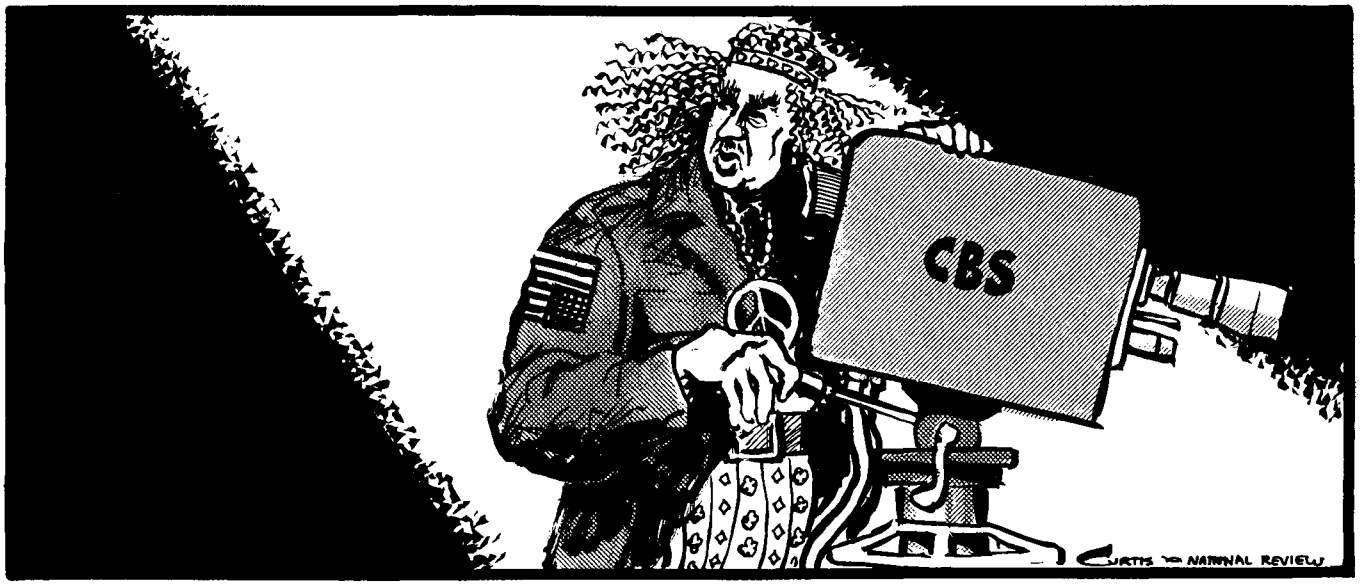
discussion, as his underlying premise certainly does: "We are about to become Number Two."

■ In a country as politically eccentric as Italy it is remarkable how little shift there has been since 1948 in relative party strengths. Sometimes the Socialists will gain a point or two at the expense of the Christian Democrats, the Communists will do a fraction better or worse than they did last time around, but when the smoke clears there is a government dominated by the Christian Democratic Party, usually in alliance with one or more of the Socialist parties; in recent years a centrist-left government. Last week Italians went to the polls in regional elections and something startling did happen. There was a distinct shift to the right as the Social Movement, a rightist, some say neo-fascist, party which campaigned largely on a law-and-order platform scored important gains. It captured 13.9 per cent of the votes, as against 5.2 per cent in virtually nationwide regional elections a year ago. This can be, and is being, pooh-poohed. After all it was only one-fifth of the nation, and except for Genoa no large northern industrial city had elections, but those votes had to come from somewhere and the big loser was the Christian Democratic Party with the Socialists and Communists also faring worse than expected. Why? Perhaps because of the violence of the last two years, the disruptions, the never-ending strikes, the economic recession. It was certainly a protest vote and may signal to the fragmented and badly led Christian Democrats that the electorate is not, as they had supposed, moving left.

■ Here's the latest from Moscow. Question: "What is Brezhnev's greatest nightmare?" Answer: "Moscow's Red Square, crowded with Jews eating Czech dumplings with Chinese chopsticks."

■ There is a publication called *Religion in Communist Dominated Areas*, whose purpose is to print translations of various documents—newspaper articles, letters, cartoons—relating to religious activities behind the Iron Curtain and the state's reaction to them. For example, their current issue contains a letter from V. I. Kozlov, a member of the Baptist sect, to the Soviet government, in which the writer describes his conversion while in prison for theft, and his subsequent persecution for religious activities (he was once fined 200 rubles for conducting religious services in his home, at a time when his total monthly wage was 70 rubles): "Among the prisoners I also had to see some other people with high morals and with a high purpose for life. These were Christians, believers. . . . I recognized that I was serving my time deservedly: for robbery, plunder and banditry! But these people, for their convictions, had a much more severe sentence: 20 to 25 years imprisonment." Other items printed recently by *RCDA* include a speech of thanks by an official of the Czech government to the Soviet government for protecting true socialists democracy against the bourgeoisie in 1968; a letter to the Ukraine *Pravda* enjoining constant vigilance in the service of atheism ("The young couple allowed themselves to compromise their Komsomol conscience when they baptized their child at the grandmother's insistence. . . . In my opinion the Odessa Komsomol ought to be concerned. You see, the point is that the dignity of the members of their organization has suffered"); and several cartoons from Soviet "humor" magazines which show Jews in general and Israelis in particular as vicious racist murderers. For more information, write *RCDA*, 475 Riverside Drive, New York City 10027.

■ With a flock of candidate nations on Europe's doorstep, Eurocrats in Brussels are updating the old Common Market definition of the New European: He will have the precision of the Italian, the charm of the German, the humility of the Frenchman, the generosity of the



"We can destroy our credibility without your help, Mr. Agnew!"

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Dutchman, and the world-view of the Luxembourger. There is now being added: the humor of the Norwegian, the sobriety of the Dane, the internationalism of the Englishman and the reliability of the Irishman.

■ Erratum: On April 6, NATIONAL REVIEW commented on a news item from *Human Events* reporting that two researchers for Sen. Fulbright, James Lowenstein and Richard Moose, who "had never been in Southeast Asia, brought forth a study that blistered President Nixon for his invasion of Cambodia. In November, Fulbright sent the pair to Indochina for an on-the-spot inspection and they came back with a report that Mr. Nixon had done exactly the right thing in invading Cambodia. That report Fulbright failed to publicize." Everything about that story appears to be inaccurate. Messrs. Lowenstein and Moose *had* been in Southeast Asia before; the second report, while marginally less critical than the first, was not by any means a rave for the Administration; and Mr. Fulbright *did* enter it into the *Congressional Record*. Our apologies to Sen. Fulbright, Mr. Lowenstein, Mr. Moose, and our readers.

■ Maybe those fellows were right in their predictions, a while ago, of a forthcoming ebb in the pornographic tide. Grove Press, whose fashionably dirty books and movies pushed it from a backwater eddy to the crest of the wave, has just reported a loss of "more than $2 million" for 1970. In 1969 its *I am Curious (Yellow)* was a $7 million smash. In 1970, *I am Curious (Blue)* flopped with a thud.

■ Commenting on the unearthing of 25 hacked bodies in Yuba City, Calif., a spokesman for the liberal Establishment said that the incident "proved—once again—the urgent need for strong machete control legislation." A colleague demanded more sweeping laws: "How many will have to die in this nation, the wealthiest on earth, before we outlaw the sale of *all* sharp and pointy things!"

■ SURREALISM IN EVERYDAY LIFE, or, They Don't Dream the Way They Used To in Texas: "This must represent the fulfillment of everything a Texas boy dreamed about, to speak at Brooklyn College."—Ramsey Clark, in his first outing on the commencement circuit.

The Old One-Two at Vienna

The Kremlin's latest moves at the SALT talks in Vienna are a classic example of the Communist use of "negotiations." In the Communist textbook, negotiations are not an alternative to war or a substitute for war, but a form of warfare. Their objectives are the same as those of any other form: to weaken the enemy, and to combine with other forms to achieve his ultimate defeat.

In this round it is being done this way. Leading off with its left, the Kremlin is speeding the deployment of the most formidable offensive nuclear missile system on earth. Approximately 275 of the huge SS-9 missiles—each with ten times the megatonnage of one of our Minutemen—are already in their silos, ready to go, and more are coming up. Our satellites have further revealed, in the past couple of months, Soviet construction of a new type of silo that it is believed may soon be housing a new and still more advanced missile able to launch a cluster of ten or more independently targeted warheads. Both the SS-9 and this new weapon are peculiarly suited to a first-strike destruction of our land-based missile system.

Following with the right cross, the Kremlin proposes at the SALT talks a treaty limiting ABM systems in both the Soviet Union and the United States to a hundred-missile deployment around each nation's capital city. That is: a treaty to stop the construction of an ABM system to defend our missile sites, which we have begun, thereby leaving our missiles exposed and vulnerable to the newly installed Soviet strike power.

Take it from there, Senator Proxmire.

I Have in My Hand A Photostatic Copy of...

1. What about the role of the New York Times?

We regretfully conclude we cannot fault the *New York Times* for printing those gobs from the Defense Department's massive whatever-it-is on America's adventures and misadventures in Southeast Asia, 1945-68. We do not refer to the legal questions that touch on unauthorized possession and publication of lots of paper classified as Secret or Top Secret. These seem to be elusive and are in any case before the courts. We consider, rather, the substance of the ~~act~~. So far as we have been able to plow through the endless texts, we are inclined to agree with the *Times*' declaration that "their publication could not conceivably damage American security interests, much less the lives of American or Indochinese"—not at any rate in any specific way, though Secretary Rogers had a point when he mentioned that it was going to be hard to do confidential business with other governments if they believed it was likely to become public in short order. We confess to a general belief that the overclassification of documents by governments—all governments—amounts to approximately 3,000 per cent. We add that our absolution of the *Times* presupposes that it didn't do anything improper, from its side, in acquiring the seven thousand pages, and does not extend to anything *else* besides journalism that the *Times* may be up to in conjunction with publication. Naturally, no one is going to read all this mass anyway.

2. What about the source?

The source that supplied the *Times* with this material

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—he must have hired a truck to deliver it—would seem to have been guilty of violating security regulations and probably the law concerning classified documents. Since he was motivated by the higher duty that makes any act moral if it can be presented as against-the-war or embarrassing to the Administration, the media and the antiwarriors have expressed no qualm about his behavior. Poor Otto Otepka should have had a shrewder grasp of political realities. He only showed a couple of intra-office pages to, not the *Times*, but a committee of the Senate, and got promptly bounced out of his job.

3. What about the "disclosures"?

There is nothing very startling in what was printed up to the time the court stepped in, nothing much, except for details, that most reasonably informed and reasonably intelligent persons in government or out were not aware of, in at least a general way. The military and civil officials of the government appear in the documents not as supermen, Strangeloves, or idiots, but as what they have been and are: hard-working, concerned Americans of many different political and philosophic hue, doing their best to deal with immensely difficult problems, some of which they had no precedents, experience or suitable talents to handle very adequately. They felt their way through, improvising, compromising, revising as they went along. It is worth remarking that over the entire period covered, under the Administrations of both parties, there was seemingly unanimous agreement on the importance, from the point of view of our own national interest, of preventing a Communist takeover of Indochina; and only in the last year or two was there any doubt that from this estimate there followed the necessity of doing what we could to stop the Communist drive. Of course, viewed by hindsight, the performance was not so hot.

The indignation about "hiding the truth from the American people" is demagogically inflated. The government could usefully have spoken out more than it did, and certainly could have done a better job of educating the public on the Southeast Asian strategic facts of life. Lyndon Johnson was over the line of permissible deliberate deception in the 1964 campaign (he must have chuckled with his cronies over the speeches denouncing Barry Goldwater as the Mad Bomber), but most of the contemporary secrecy was routine. Of course contingency plans have got to be made to cover every sort of possibility. Of course you can't let other governments, and self-evidently enemy governments, know about them and the decisions concerning them; and therefore, unfortunately, you have to be careful what is revealed to your own citizens.

4. What was the objective of this disclosure operation?

There now exists a powerful and expanding, if informal, cabal that extends through the military and civilian branches of the government out into the academies, the media and other sectors of civilian life. An immediate objective of this cabal is to end the war in Vietnam on any terms, but it is loosely joined in pursuit of wider social and political objectives, and very firmly united in the aim of defeating Richard Nixon in 1972. On the surface these Vietnam papers would almost seem to be a boost for Nixon. They end before his Administration began. The protagonists—who "got us into this mess"—are the Kennedy and Johnson men, many of whom have lately changed their spots. (Pierre Salinger declared from Europe: "The publication of those documents can only help Nixon: I would not be surprised if someone in the Administration gave a helping hand.") But politics doesn't work that way. The Vietnam is now "Nixon's war," even though what he is doing with his war is to end it. As always, it is the incumbent chief of government who is "to blame" for what goes wrong. Publication of the papers was obviously timed for the period preceding the vote on the Hatfield-McGovern resolution to get all Americans out of Indochina by the end of this year. The operation is an integral part of the more general campaign to force the President to alter the strategy he judges correct in Southeast Asia, and to defeat him in next year's election.

Do Losers Have To Pay Up?

We would like to think that the Nixon Administration had learned a lesson from its abortive efforts last year to shield the Penn Central from bankruptcy. When a whale flops, the world doesn't end. But the current attempt to keep Lockheed Aircraft Corporation from sinking suggests that the lesson didn't take. What is now before Congress is the Administration's proposal that the U.S. Treasury should guarantee a $250 million loan to Lockheed, the nation's largest defense contractor.

No one who has followed the chronic struggles to close down inefficient Army arsenals or Navy shipyards will be greatly surprised at the staying power of an enterprise that has demonstrated a persistent inability to meet the requirements of its primary customer, the Department of Defense. And now that Lockheed has ventured forth into the free market with its airbus, the L-1011, and has there fallen flat on its face, does the government have an obligation to pick the giant up off the floor? *NR* is unable to find any. There are plenty of hungry competitors waiting to pull in whatever slack Lockheed may leave if it goes bust. Any essential defense-related operations can be run just as well (some would say, a good deal better) by a court-appointed receiver as by the present Lockheed management—that got the company into its present bind. In the words of Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard to the Senate committee, saving Lockheed "is not primarily a defense issue."

The Administration's argument of the moment, as expressed by Treasury Secretary John Connally, seems to be that the economy is in such lousy shape that if Lockheed, with its 72,000 employees and $2.5 billion in

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annual sales, goes under, it will make matters even worse, particularly in southern California and a few other places where the President is going to need some votes in November 1972. Furthermore, Secretary Connally urges, there might be a "contagion" effect, with "market repercussions that could severely dampen and perhaps even thwart the business recovery." We find this a vastly overdrawn picture, comprehensible only in terms of a near panic-button response to the political implications of the current economic situation.

The real issue Congress confronts here is whether a professedly free-market economy is going to be allowed to mete out its stern discipline to those who have played the game and lost: to stockholders who have advanced the equity, to banks who have made loans, and to management that has been found sadly deficient.

The Book Burners

Conservatives know in their bones that in various ways gross and subtle, but which taken altogether add up to a really massive effort, opinion and attitude in America are manipulated in a liberal-left direction. The impact of the academy is one thing, of network TV another, and still another would be the prevailing atmosphere among, say, the editors in publishing houses. But palpable and massive though this manipulation certainly is, it nevertheless remains difficult, short of prolonged demonstration, to persuade the skeptical that what is, actually is.

And so, when a particularly gross piece of evidence comes to hand it is doubly valuable, both in itself and for its representative significance. The Virginia Kirkus Service is an instrumentality useful to such as booksellers and librarians. It provides capsule reviews of the enormous number of new books as they appear, summarizing their content and directing attention to what is true, beautiful and relevant. There is no doubt at all that the Kirkus Service influences, nay, even determines, what books get on the shelves of many libraries and bookstores across the nation. And here is how the Kirkus Service dealt with *Contra Mundum*, a posthumous collection of essays by Willmoore Kendall, and we give the entire treatment:

Kendall, Willmoore. *Contra Mundum.*
Arlington House, $11.95

A verbose, irascible student of the Founding Fathers, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, Willmoore Kendall is hailed in the introduction of this posthumous miscellany as "the rediscoverer of the historic American political orthodoxy." The orthodoxy consists of subordinating the "supposed 'right' of free speech" to domestic tranquility because Jefferson, Madison, Adams, et al. never intended the Republic to turn into an "open society." Also included is a conventional affirmation of states' rights and the virtues of local government and some sarcastic denunciations of the pretensions of the Executive and, especially, that miserable rat-pack of liberals, the Supreme Court. But this particular restatement of the stance of the NATIONAL REVIEW (Kendall was, for a time, their book editor) is embedded in a tangle of crypto-erudition with Plato, Milton, Locke and Rousseau summoned forth to support Kendall's teachings. It turns out, for example, that the true lesson of Plato's *Crito*, was the right, nay the wisdom and the duty, of the Athenian Assembly to put to death Socrates subversive blasphemer that he was. Kendall gives the First Amendment a vigorous working-over (the right to be heard does not go on "ad nauseam") demonstrating that it does not say what it says and the Founding Fathers didn't want it anyhow. Today HUAC carries on the noble work of the Athenian Assembly and a good thing too, because the Communists are everywhere "exaggerating the misery of Southern Negroes" and snagging the none-too-sound minds of intellectuals. The cantankerous spleen is not solely for the liberals however; the conservatives, who should know better, are suffused with "relativism and positivism" (Russell Kirk) and counseling "prescriptions for self-betrayal and suicide" (Clinton Rossiter in *The Conservative Mind*). Kendall does not really like anyone very much.

You would not gather from this that Willmoore Kendall is a subtle and challenging, often profound student of the Constitution and its tradition, a subjective judgment perhaps, but, still, one that is generally agreed upon by his peers. Nor would you gather ("verbose") that he is a prose stylist, and innovator, of real literary distinction. But let all that go, and consider the statements here that are demonstrably and flatly false.

Kendall does not advocate the subordination of the supposed right of free speech to domestic tranquility. From an analysis of the Constitution and its Preamble, he argues that establishing justice and achieving domestic tranquility are two of the three goals set forth, the third being the provision of national defense. Which of the three takes precedence, he argues, is determined by the

The Real John Lindsay

Is this the end or just a new beginning?
St. Anselm's prep school really liked my speech.
Damn Nelson and his everlasting grinning.
To be an actor, or perhaps to teach . . .
I *do* love Layman's Sunday. I could *preach.*
Gotbaum and Feinstein, must you strike that way?
(Ye gods, they're straight from *Hamlet.*) To impeach
Dick Nixon as he gave that child away!
I'm great with wines; I know a good bouquet.
Was George McGovern mad or merely tired?
I half believe they don't want me to play.
I'll show those bastards: *Everybody's fired.*
Perhaps I'll get me to a seminary,
But what the devil would I do with Mary?

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Administration's revenue-sharing plan has lost one of its most eloquent group of lobbyists. The mayors of major cities, who had done President Nixon such good service early in the fight, have now largely deserted; some are even lobbying against the plan.

The reason for the disaffection is the skilful handling of the revenue-sharing issue by House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.). A potential Presidential candidate and an ambiguous friend of the Administration, Mills had already trained his guns on revenue sharing. His coup de grâce was his proposal for direct federal aid to the cities. The move had the attraction to mayors of getting rid of the state middleman implicit in parts of the Administration plan. As a political ploy, it split the governors supporting the plan from the mayors who had been backing it.

The loss of mayoral lobbying may well be a fatal blow. In any case, the Administration is in the curious position of being potentially stronger on revenue sharing in the Senate than in the House, where opposition has been well-organized and articulate. Senate positions are as yet unformed and largely dependent on the actions of a mostly hostile House. With the many pitfalls that lie in its way, revenue sharing is getting a big push from the White House congressional liaison staff. The reason may be more a desire to regularize and structure a mass of chaotic federal programs than a desire to get more money to the states. For the President, revenue sharing is a cleaning of the Augean stables, not a distribution of royal bounty. But without the mayors, whose clout in the House is especially strong, the plan may be doomed.

■ Hubert Humphrey's strategy in his return to the Presidential sweepstakes is quite elementary. Humphrey will concentrate his fire on Ted Kennedy and ignore Edmund Muskie. He also intends to follow his usual plan of straddling the fence on issues, e.g., continued air support for Vietnam after U.S. withdrawal, and to keep a polite speaking acquaintance with the Administration in order to maintain the statesmanlike posture so attractive to many of his supporters.

Humphrey is said to view revival of the Kennedy candidacy as not merely possible but likely. He also believes that by concentrating his fire on Kennedy he can divert attention from Muskie, whom he doesn't consider a formidable rival. Much of Muskie's support comes from sources that have an implied prior commitment to Humphrey. Humphrey will do nothing to stop the flirtation of his backers with Muskie, but believes he will find most of them in his camp when he needs them.

One of the possible Humphrey ploys being discussed in Washington is a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket. Such a ticket would accomplish several things: 1) It would give Humphrey support on his left; 2) it would make the most of the Kennedy charisma while neutralizing it as a source of rivalry; 3) it would unite Humphrey and Kennedy financial backing, the two most potent money sources in the Democratic Party.

Understandably, Kennedy is said not to be buying the idea of being anyone's Vice President, but political necessities have dictated stranger alliances. From Kennedy's point of view, the Vice Presidency would be a free run, since his Senate seat is safe, and were the ticket elected, he would have four years or more to erase the memory of Chappaquiddick. Were the ticket beaten, he would have done sacrificial service for his party. As Edmund Muskie proved, there are worse things to be than a defeated Vice Presidential candidate with a seat in the Senate.

■ Moderate Democratic Senator William Spong of Virginia may find himself in an impossible position in 1972, facing challenges from both the right and left wings of the Virginia Democratic Party. The big victory of ex-Democrat Harry Byrd in 1970 meant that Spong could expect to feel the pressure from a conservative Democrat, probably former Governor Mills Godwin. On his left, Spong is likewise unprotected. Already a target of censure by the Alexandria Democratic committee for opposing the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, Spong may face a challenge from Virginia State Senator Henry Howell of Norfolk. If Howell's power base is destroyed by the 1971 reapportionment, Spong may be a little safer from a Howell challenge, but not much.

—CATO

processes provided for in the Constitution itself. He does not "subordinate" the "right" of free speech to anything. He denies that any such "right" exists, on the basis of his study of the First Amendment.

Kendall's essays are not a "restatement of the stance" of NATIONAL REVIEW. On any number of the points he makes there is plenty of discussion and disagreement at NATIONAL REVIEW. And what "crypto-erudition" might be we are helpless to say, "crypto" meaning "secret," and, Plato, Milton, Locke and Rousseau having been "summoned forth," it is a little hard to see how they can be "secret," though judged by Kirkus to be "in a tangle."

Kendall does not say that "the Communists are everywhere" (Translation: Kendall is an extremist, a kook); he says that they exist, and this, of course, is the offense given.

Reading this Kirkus summary, and it is a representative Kirkus treatment of conservative reading matter, the ingenuous librarian in Topeka, Dubuque or Nashville is not likely to add Kendall to her purchasing order. The Liberal Index will have done its work.

Oh yes. The Kirkus Service was purchased recently by the *New York Review of Books*. Heresy? No. Conspiracy? Yes.

Found: That Honest Man

The Most Reverend Bernard M. Kelly, Auxiliary Bishop of Providence, Rhode Island, found that the American Catholic Bishops are, strange to say, "more concerned" about things like the communion rite than about the war in Vietnam. They wanted to talk about abortion, while he was more interested in Laos. The "life-style" of the priesthood bugged him. He liked to do things like demonstrate at the Newport Naval Base while David Eisenhower was being commissioned there. He found the Church insisting upon what seemed to him outdated notions like "sacred power and the need for obedience." With what struck him as singular *chutzpah* the American

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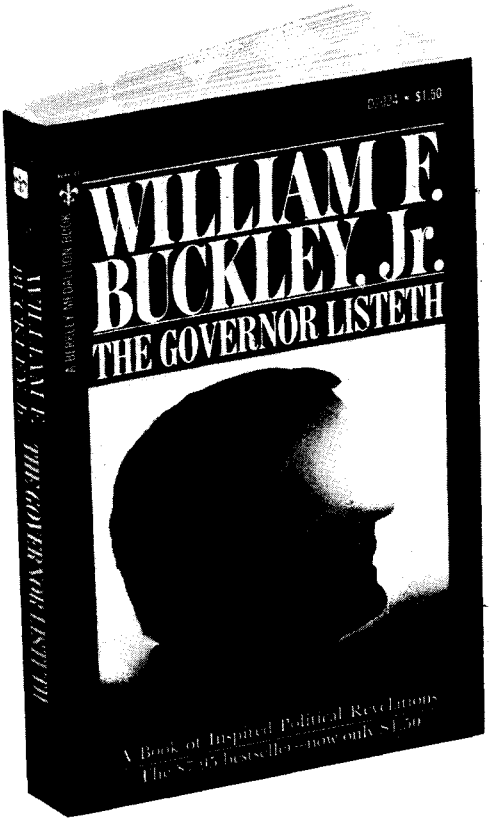

We know from past experience that many of our readers travel for extended periods this time of year — with the result that you miss renewal notices and then miss several issues before we can get your subscription reinstated.

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IMPORTANT NOTE

IN RETURN FOR THIS DOUBLE SAVING, we will be happy to send you a FREE copy of the new edition of Wm. F. Buckley's latest book, "The Governor Listeth." Just the thing to take along on that trip! It's our way of saying **"Thank you" for the considerable amount you'll be saving us by using the card facing this page to renew your subscription right now. Be sure to check the appropriate box if you want the book!**

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bishops last April rejected some ideas advanced by the National Federation of Priests' Councils, a sort of spiritual trade union. The Church, he concluded, was becoming "increasingly irrelevant and unintelligible."

So he quit. He's "going fishing" for the time being, and he may get married. He thus drew the correct conclusion from his kit of fashionable premises, and forthrightly got out, unlike . . .

Get Lost, Class of '71

It would be a fine thing if a commencement speaker, pausing halfway through his 23rd banality, could gaze down into the grinning countenance of H. L. Mencken, sitting in the front row, for the Sage of Baltimore, curator of boobs, had exactly the sense of humor needed to appreciate an American college commencement, simultaneously the most depressing and hilarious event in popular culture. This year's assortment of speakers was an anthologist's delight:

—Kenneth Keniston at Notre Dame, deploring away at "unresponsiveness to the expressed wishes of the American people, three-quarters of whom now seek an end to the war by the end of 1971 and two-thirds of whom consider the war immoral. . . . A policy of widespread wiretapping, harassment of dissenters and illegal confinement of demonstrators . . ."

—Terry Sanford, Duke president, at the University of Texas: "The United States is at this moment capable of leading the world into a new era of international relations based on moral posture and moral suasion . . ."

—Edward Brooke at the University of Massachusetts: "It is only as we come to swallow our pride and confess our mistake in Southeast Asia that the situation there will really improve . . ."

—Julian Bond at Howard, opaquely urging his listeners to "make real the revolutions that are sweeping around us," and celebrating the greatness of recent heroes: "Stokely Carmichael didn't go to Yale, Rap Brown didn't go to Harvard . . ."

—At the University of Maryland, where "commencement exercises . . . proceeded smoothly despite the appearance on stage of a leader of the student body, Madison Jones, clad in a Vietcong flag."

—And at Dartmouth, where valedictorian David Levy, this year's undisputed champion bathologist, Número Uno, droned on this way: "Take pity on me those of you who can justify the air you breathe. Send me letters and tell me why life is worth living. Rich parents, write and tell me how money makes your life worthwhile. Dartmouth alumni, tell me how the Dartmouth experience has given value to your existence. And, fellow graduates, fellow members of the Class of 1971, take pity on a student who did not think, but only studied. Tell me how you have justified your existence to yourself, or perhaps why you have not felt the need to do so. And if some one of you out there is also mad like me, write me a letter and tell me how you came to appreciate the absurdity of your life . . ."

It would be pleasant to report that the Dartmouth seniors, in unison, either walked out or threw up—but they did neither: They applauded. Mencken! Mencken! The species *Boobus americanus* is alive and well, but the sensibility that could really savor him has disappeared into the shades.

Program note: It is rare when anyone to the right of Ed Brooke appears as a speaker at one of these imbroglios. This year Nixon Administration spokesmen pretty much confined themseves to the service academies. Many colleges, at the request of students, abandoned the usual speeches, and some, like Berkeley, canceled formal ceremonies altogether. The genre is dying. Bury it deep.

Reinhold Niebuhr, R I P

Reinhold Niebuhr, whose death in his eightieth year came last month after a long and painful illness, was, without doubt, the outstanding Protestant theologian in the America of our time, and one of the most significant figures in American theology since Jonathan Edwards in the eighteenth century. The impact of his personality and the impress of his thinking have left their indelible mark in the fields held to be far removed from theological concern: the fields of history, of politics and international relations.

Niebuhr, as a theologian, was at once both firmly rooted in the Christian tradition and creatively original in his manner of elaborating it and relating it to the concerns of our common life. His deep rootage in the Christian tradition is revealed in all his writings, but above all, and most powerfully, in his Gifford Lectures, *The Nature and Destiny of Man* (1941-1943). At a time when religious liberalism was contemptuously dismissing the doctrine of original sin as an absurd leftover of the "dark ages," Reinhold Niebuhr was vindicating it not only as a teaching close to the heart of the Christian faith but also as an insight opening up a new understanding of man and society startling in its relevance and realism. And this is exactly how Niebuhr saw his task as a theologian—to show the relevance (the key word in his thinking was always "relevance") of the traditional symbols of the Biblical-Christian faith to the perplexities and problems of our times.

Niebuhr began his almost fifty years of writing and teaching with a fresh interest in Christian ethics. This led him first, in the 1940s, to a deepening interest in the Augustinian-Calvinist view of man; and, then, in the 1950s and 1960s, by a kind of inherent logic, to a fascinating interpretation of history, its meaning and its ironies. Through the decades, he never lost his concern for the social and political life of his time, about which he wrote voluminously in the familiar tradition of philosopher-commentator.

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Niebuhr was always, to some degree, active in politics; and, in the superficial vocabulary of current American politics, he was generally put down as a "liberal." And indeed he was one of the founders of the Liberal Party in New York. But he not infrequently referred to himself as a conservative, a conservative of the Burkean traditionalist strain. Following Burke, he found that "every error infecting a modern liberal culture, and most of the errors which reached a tragic culmination in modern totalitarianism were hatched in the French Enlightenment and French Revolution." Also following Burke, he saw society as an organic historical structure, not as the mechanical artifact liberalism had always taken it to be. Niebuhr's condemnation of totalitarianism paralleled Burke's denunciation of Jacobinism. But Niebuhr's condemnation, unlike Karl Barth's, was not limited to Nazi totalitarianism; Niebuhr found Communist totalitarianism even more dangerous than the Nazi variety. He branded Communism "an organized evil which spreads terror and cruelty throughout the world and confronts us everywhere with faceless men who are immune to every form of moral and political suasion." There was no silence or equivocation here.

Reinhold Niebuhr, whether we put him down as a liberal or a conservative, however we may agree or disagree with certain aspects of his politics, was one of the finest minds of our time, to whom we owe so much. In his death, we have lost a great thinker, a great teacher, a great Christian theologian, and a great human spirit.

—W. HERBERG

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I had a subscription of *Combat* coming to me regularly until September of last year. At that time I escaped from New Jersey State Prison at Rahway and I heard from some friends of mine that when my copy of *Combat* was returned to your office marked "escape" that you ran an article asking where I was. Well I would like to inform the folks at your mailing office that I am once again here at the prison but I'm not happy about it.

Thank you for any consideration.

Sincerely,
Harry W. Ackerman
New Jersey State Prison
Drawer N
Trenton, N.J.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have decided not to write my pornographic novel after all. A few problems have cropped up. First I couldn't think of a title. This problem was solved when I asked a friend of mine (who lives in a frat house which features skin-flicks six nights a week with matinees on Sunday) for some suggestions. He has submitted a preliminary list of 57 pornographic possibilities. So that hurdle is gone. But there still remains the question of my typewriter. Her name is Elsie Smith; she is an old model and a prude. She refuses to deal in obscenities. I have tried an electric portable, but I'm afraid that the material is simply too hot, and this asbestos paper is expensive. So I'll give it up.

I've noticed two trends in the arts of late: 1) to do plays about real and highly political events, and 2) with the rise of the Italian-American Anti-Defamation League, it is okay to make references to minorities, so long as they are the wrong minorities.

So I have decided to write a play about the 1968 Democratic National Convention. Only the names will be left unchanged to embarrass the foolish.

The setting is the Valley of the Jolly Green Giant. The Giant is Prof. Galbraith. Everyone is green. As the play opens J.K. is telling the farmers how to farm, having previously told the teachers how to teach, the bankers how to bank, the doctors how to heal, and the garbage men how to heft those cans. GIANT: Although I have never farmed myself, it seems to me to be perfectly clear what we ought to do. You shall plant soybeans and harvest truffles.

FIRST FARMER: Could you run that by me again, big, green and ugly?

GIANT: Sure, meathead. You plant soybeans 'cause soybeans is cheap and you harvest truffles 'cause truffles is dear. The result can only be a net gain in the real per capital gross national product and a more equitable distribution of scarce resources. You got that?

SECOND FARMER: Just one problem, your Greenship. You can't take outta the ground what you didn't put in.

GIANT: Not until now! I have just invented deficit farming . . .

Mr. Nixon, Call Your Constituency

In retrospect, I don't repent
The vote I gave our President,
But to my dying day I'll yap
At FAP.

The Haynsworth and the Carswell tries
Brought tears to these embittered eyes,
But by the hair of that Fat Jap,
Why FAP?

I know, I've got no place to go;
Ed Muskie gives me vertigo.
But I'd prefer to get the clap
Than FAP.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The scene shifts to the office of the Mayor, Richard Dailey. He is black (um . . . would you believe darker green?) and a Jew. He is talking to the Chief of Police who has long hair and beard and is naked except for a strategically placed picture of Chairman Mao.

MAYOR: I tell ya, Sol, I think we're in trouble. I heard there's a bunch of green-collar workers and a trainload of Shriners gonna come to town to disrupt the convention. They're protesting the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Alabama. You've heard their arguments—domino effect and all that. They say they'll fill up every hotel in town and spend all their time writing letters to their congressmen. I tell ya, Sol, I don't know how we can stop them from throwing the convention into a panic.

CHIEF: Don't worry. We can handle them. We got a new secret weapon: the LSD grenade. One sniff of that gas and . . .

That's enough for now. This letter is too long anyway. I'll close with a quotation:

The old saw says, "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right.

Still, when there is much at stake it is better to get a newspaper to do it.

Do you recognize it?

Your Humble Servant,
Michael Veseth
Tacoma, Washington

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Many people are asking me for reading materials. I will be very much obliged to you if you would be so kind as to help me get some good books and other reading materials through your columns. I know your good magazine has a good circulation and the people have great confidence in you and hence my request will find a way through you. Thanking you again and wishing you all the joys of the season and assuring my prayers for you and your dear ones, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ Jesus.

Rev. J. Keizhakkebhagam
Lourdes' Mission
Pollikunnu. P. O.
(Via) Kalpetta,
Wynaad-Malabar-India.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Do you recall receiving a letter from Reed Larson?

Reed told me a few days ago that he had not heard from you, Mr. Buckley. However, you may have responded to his letter in the last few days. If so, please accept my apologies for writing again.

But if you don't think that you received his letter, let me know and I'll have my secretary send you a copy.

In summary, Reed wanted to know in his letter if you would help support our efforts to win William F. Buckley's legal case against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA).

Mr. Buckley feels that a free American has the right to express his views over the public airways without being forced to pay dues to a labor union.

This is a critically important test case and you can be confident that we have engaged the most experienced legal counsel available. We will take this case all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, if necessary. But the legal fees could easily cost us $80,000 or more.

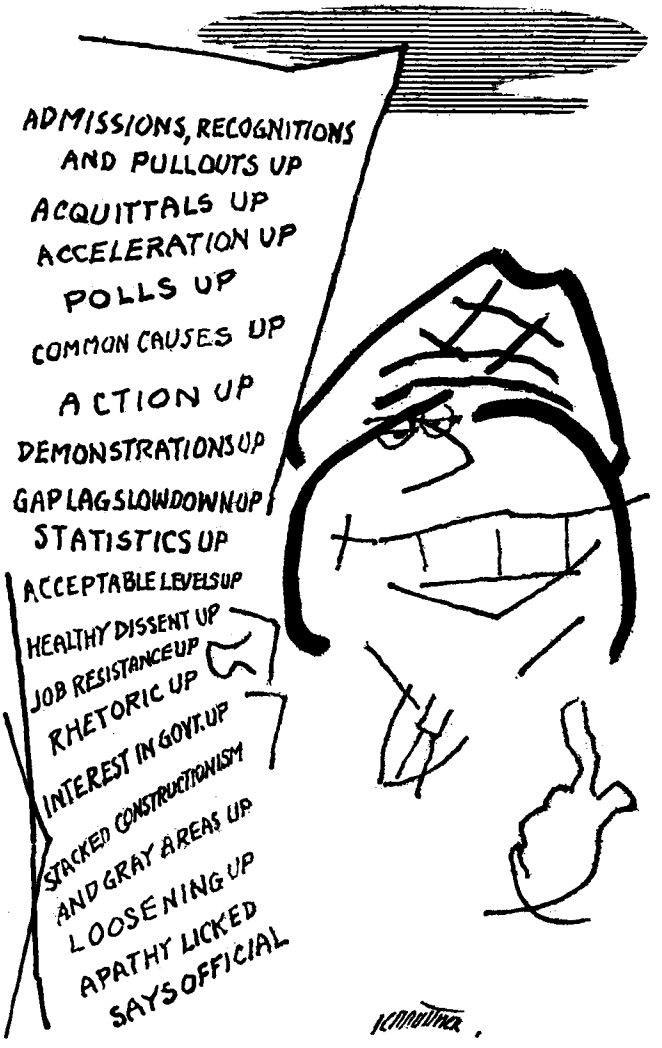
Quite frankly, Bill Buckley needs you to help him, Mr. Buckley. Would it be possible for you to write to me today and let me know if you can help? I was hoping that you could send us $50.

Not only would the $50 be helpful toward our legal fees but it would be encouraging to Bill and me to have your support in this important fight.

Sincerely,
Thomas J. Harris
Chairman of the Board of Trustees
The National Right To Work
Legal Defense Foundation, Wash., D. C.

P.S. Also, please let me know if we can use your name, Mr. Buckley, as a sponsor of this special BUCKLEY PROJECT. I feel that your name would be helpful in the effort to win this case.

Dear Mr. Harris: *Keep my name out of it!* —**WFB**



"He's so right! One has to take off one's hat!"

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JAMES BURNHAM

The Protracted Conflict

HOW TO SOLVE THE CHINA PROBLEM

DESCRIBING the Man of Law among the Canterbury pilgrims, Chaucer writes—

No-wher a bisier man than he ther nas
And yet he semed bisier than he was.

These lines popped up in my memory the other day while I was reading about the President's announcement lifting the embargo on trade with Communist China. Never has Mr. Nixon made a bigger fuss than over his China policy turn. And yet it may prove to be more fuss than turn.

One thing, however, is sure: that "the China question" will dominate this year's session of the UN General Assembly. It is said that the President has not yet decided what to do, but some time this summer he is going to have to make up his mind.

There is much speculation about how the Assembly vote will go. Will it again adopt the procedural motion defining the issue as "a serious question" requiring a two-thirds vote? If not, isn't it a foregone conclusion that there will be a majority (as there already was last year) for "the Albanian motion" recognizing Peking instead of Taipei as entitled to "the China seat"? Or what about the chances for some sort of compromise? a two-Chinas policy? the "universal membership" proposal? . . .

There is one fact of UN life we ought to bring out of the murk. *The UN cannot do anything of serious import that the United States decides it shall not do.* This is self-evident with respect to Security Council actions, since there the U.S. has the power of veto under the formal terms of the Charter. But the U.S. veto power extends in substance to actions of the Assembly and the bureaucracy, if the U.S. chooses to use it. Of course most Assembly activity is of no importance anyway, and not worth bothering about. But an Assembly vote to oust Taipei would be more than verbiage since it would be dealing with an internal UN issue over which the Assembly has jurisdiction. Therefore it could not be merely disregarded, like the votes on Africa. It would have to be accepted or nullified.

The U.S. has a general veto over serious UN actions because the UN cannot exist without the U.S. It cannot in the plainest material sense. The UN would be bankrupt overnight if the U.S. withdrew its financial support. UN headquarters are located within U.S. territory. It is in hock to U.S. banks and the U.S. Treasury. By no accident UN salaries are paid and accounts kept in dollars.

The UN's political dependence on the U.S. presence is as close as its financial dependence. If the U.S. withdrew, there could be no UN. The Western nations and most other non-Communist nations would not stay in a UN organization transformed through U.S. withdrawal into a satellite of Moscow and Peking—into a Popular Front.

This ultimate dependence of the UN on the U.S. means that all Mr. Nixon's options for handling the China question in this year's Assembly session are open. The situation is entirely different from what the President confronts in deciding what to do, for example, about the Vietnam war or the domestic economy. In such cases his range of choice is limited by public opinion and pressure. But 95 per cent of the U.S. electorate couldn't care less about the China-in-UN issue—or for that matter about practically any other UN business.

The President is free to decide what the UN will do about the China issue—or, more precisely, what it will *not* do.

The responsibility will be his; he will not be able to offer any excuses, or blame anyone else.

This final U.S. veto power in the UN rests on the ultimatum: either forgo that action or the U.S. gets out. Naturally a U.S. President would not go to that final point except on a very serious matter, and then only as a last resort, after all wangling had failed. But these are the conditions that now obtain on the China question. It is certain that the UN, left to its own momentum, will throw the Taipei government out, if not in this year's Assembly session, no later than next year's. Taipei's expulsion would be the preparatory phase in destroying the independent nation that now exists on Taiwan under the name of the Republic of China.

Drawing the Line

The U.S. could live with Communist China in the UN, and even, I am inclined to believe, with a Peking representative getting a permanent seat on the Security Council—one veto is in the last analysis as good as a dozen. But abandonment of Nationalist China would be a staggering disaster *for the U.S.* Nationalist China is the creation of the U.S. The U.S. strategic defense system requires not merely a friendly but an intimately allied government on Taiwan. Even in commercial terms, amusingly enough in the light of all the current fuss about "China trade," Taiwan is and for the forseeable future will be much more important to the U.S. than mainland China. Trade with pre-Communist China never amounted to anything much: $40 or $50 million tops, yearly, except immediately preceding Mao's takeover, when shipments of U.S. military supplies brought it to around $200 million. U.S. trade with Nationalist China is running at $800 million yearly, and rising; and U.S. investment increases rapidly. But the crucial reason why it would be a disaster for the U.S. to permit Taiwan to be thrown to the wolves is the obvious fact that this would once and for all destroy the United States' already weakened credibility in world affairs.

I conclude that, unless Mr. Nixon wants to be known as the President who destroyed his country's global credibility, he must let the UN members (and why not all of us?) know that on the China question the U.S. has drawn a final line: Peking's admission is debatable; the formula (one China, two Chinas, universal membership . . .) is subject to discussion; but under whatever formula, the Taipei government must remain, if the Washington government is to stay. □

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In Russia, the Military-Industrial Complex gets top priority. Soviet generals have been instructed to prepare for the third world war. To hear them tell it they're well on the way to winning it right now

The Selling of the Soviet Pentagon

MILORAD M. DRACHKOVITCH

TODAY, with the American military establishment under unprecedented domestic critical assault and the Pentagon chiefs driven to the defensive, it is instructive to explore how those high in the Soviet military view the role of armed forces within the context of their own society.

An unusually good opportunity for surveying the ideas of top Soviet military leaders presented itself in the weeks preceding the opening of the 24th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. At that time four of the structural and ideological leaders of the huge military apparatus formulated their viewpoints on vital issues facing the armed forces of the Soviet Union. Their survey articles, published in the most authoritative newspapers, may be considered a quintessence of thinking at the top of the Soviet military hierarchy. The four writers in order of the appearance of their articles were: Major General S. Ilin, candidate of historical sciences[1]; General A. Epishev, head of the main political directorate of the Soviet army and navy[2]; Marshal Ivan Yakubovsky, First Deputy Defense Minister of the USSR and commander of the united military forces of the Warsaw Pact[3]; and Marshal A. A. Grechko, Minister of Defense of the Soviet Union.[4]

Owing to the remarkable uniformity of their ideas and theses, the analyst need pay little attention to the individual contributions (which in fact should be interchangeable); the fundamental thrust of all their argumentation clearly indicates what message the military chiefs hoped to convey to Party leaders and the country at large at the solemn occasion of the 24th Congress. That message had five major components.

I. *Threat of a New War, and Its General and Class Character*

Major General Ilin reversed the position until recently expounded by many Soviet military and civilian writers (and stated in the 1961 program of the CPSU), that "the growing superiority of the socialist forces over the forces of imperialism . . . will make it actually possible to banish war from the life of society." Ilin brandished the threat of a new world conflict, which he declared to be present in the policies of U.S. imperialism. About the nature and content of such a war, he predicted:

> . . . If a third world war should become a fact, it will differ greatly from previous wars. It will take the form of a decisive class struggle between socialism and imperialism on a global scale with the use of the most up-to-date weapons of armed conflict. The strike power of these weapons, primarily nuclear missiles, as well as conventional weapons, which are continually being improved, has grown immeasurably. All this makes exceptionally great demands on the moral and political, psychological, and combat qualities of the troops.

Echoing Ilin's words, the Party's top man in uniform, General Epishev, denounced "the aggressiveness of imperialism" and its readiness to "prepare a world war against the countries of the socialist commonwealth." Quoting Lenin's dictum that imperialism is a force capable of "every kind of savagery, beastliness, and crime," Epishev warned that the foe would change tactics and strategy but imperialism would "totally maintain its aggressive essence." And Marshal Yakubovsky wrote of "the aggressive policy of imperialism aimed at exacerbating tension and unleashing a new world war."

II. *The Soviet Technical Response*

How to react to the war danger? As a unanimous answer to that question, the four Soviet military leaders emphasized not negotiation, not an effort to eliminate world tensions by reduction of military burdens, but in Marshal Grechko's words, "strengthening and keeping the Soviet defenses at top level." Both Grechko and Marshal Yakubovsky took great care and obvious pleasure in emphasizing Soviet strength. "Our modern armed forces are mighty as never before," said Yakubovsky. That claim was elaborated in Grechko's self-congratulatory enumera-

1. "A Powerful Factor for Victory," *Krasnaya Zvezda* (Red Star), the official organ of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR, March 12, 1971.

2. "Pivot Men of the Army and Navy," *Pravda*, March 25, 1971.

3. "Industry Is Growing, Defense Is Strengthening," *Sotsyalisticheskaya Industriya*, Moscow, March 25, 1971.

4. "Mighty Guards of Peace and Socialism," *Krasnaya Zvezda*, March 27, 1971.

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tion: "The [Soviet] Strategic Rocket Troops have developed still more and become mightier. . . . The antiaircraft missile systems, and air complexes, radar, and automated control systems enable the troops to shield the country from any aerial attack. . . . The air force likewise develops at a rapid pace. . . . The Soviet navy has become a formidable force with nuclear-powered and diesel missile-carrying submarines, surface missile carriers, and jet aviation. It more than once and quite convincingly [has] demonstrated its increased capability in recent years."

Looking to the future, that is anticipating the fulfillment of the new five-year plan that was to be submitted for approval of the Party's congress, Marshal Yakubovsky stated that the planners' aim was "to defend our people and all the countries of the socialist community even more reliably against the danger of imperialist aggression, and to consolidate the positions of the peaceloving and liberation forces throughout the world." In almost lyrical terms he linked "the rapid development of the Soviet army and navy" to "the gigantic success of socialist industry and the achievements of the physico-mathematical sciences, nuclear physics, solid-state physics, quantum electronics, radiophysics, chemistry, technical cybernetics, metallurgy. . . ." And in even more glowing terms than Grechko, he hailed

> . . . a revolutionary leap forward in the development of the air forces. Our designers and aviation and defense industry workers have equipped military aviation, which has become jet, supersonic, missile-carrying, and all-purpose aviation, with magnificent "flying complexes" with a wealth of combat potential. Scientific and technical and industrial progress has been concentrated, as it were, in the Soviet navy, which is rightly called an ocean, missile-carrying, and submarine-aviation navy.

III. ". . . *Tireless Perfecting of Party-Political and Ideological Work among the Troops*" (A. A. Grechko)

But the laudatory emphasis on the technical preparation of the Soviet armed forces and on all the marvels of the military-industrial complex that were working so smoothly and effectively was only part of the message. At least equal stress was laid on developing and strengthening spiritual and moral forces among Soviet military personnel. In Ilin's words: "Soviet military-theoretical thought gives full consideration to the increasing importance of the man, and to his moral forces for insuring victory in modern warfare." In this realm, in fact, Ilin saw an even greater Soviet advantage than in a strictly military competition. With unconcealed confidence he contrasted the "insoluble contradictions" manifest in the low (and "unimprovable") morale existing in the armies of imperialist powers, and the Soviet serviceman's "sense of pride in . . . motherland and complete faith in the ideas and cause of the Party." In sentence after sentence he stressed the intensive ideological work being carried out among the Soviet troops to instruct them in Leninist ideas, to train them psychologically to "function successfully in the most complex situations," to imbue them with the spirit of the "high patriotic and international mission of the Soviet armed forces."

In manner somewhat more sophisticated, though in matter identical, General Epishev synthesized the confluence of technical and ideological factors in molding the abilities and minds of Soviet fighting men:

> [The] condition of the armed forces is characterized by both quantitative and qualitative indicators. It includes [not only] the level of excellence of fighting techniques and weapons [but] the fighting mastery of the personnel, its constant moral capacity and readiness to endure the most difficult trials of contemporary warfare and its unending will to struggle and win the victory.

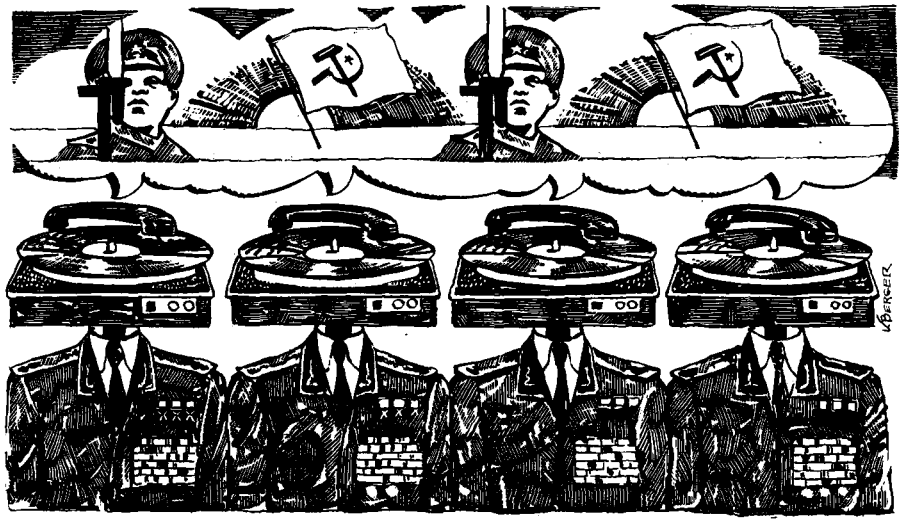
IV. "*Expansion of the USSR Armed Forces' International Tasks*" (S. Ilin)

The complacent reader may be tempted to dismiss the above assertions about the ideological molding of Soviet soldiers as no more than a familiar military technique to bring pressure on civilian authorities. But there is a sentence in Major General Ilin's article that should dispel any wishful assumptions that Soviet military preparedness is dictated by exclusively defensive considerations:

> Together with the development of patriotism, moral-political training also includes educating fighting men in the spirit of proletarian internationalism and the unity of the fraternal socialist countries and their armies, and this assumes particular importance in connection with *the expansion of the USSR armed forces' international tasks.* (Italics added.)

The author left unspecified what he meant by "the expansion of international tasks" of Soviet armed forces, but his innuendos were not lost on Eastern Europe. An editorial entitled "Fright on Demand" in the prominent Yugoslav daily *Politika* (issue of March 18) attributed these menacing words to a continuing Soviet nervousness following the events of 1968 in Czechoslovakia. The Yugoslav commentator also stressed a development that to him was obviously disquieting: The official Soviet attitude had shifted from confidence in the irreversible strength of socialism to an overemphasis on the increased imperialist danger. What could be the reasons, he wondered, for these "confusing waverings in the measurement of force relations on the world scene"?

If Major General Ilin considered it advisable to confine his remarks to unspecified threats, Marshal Yakubovsky seemed to consider it his duty to be more specific. "With the introduction



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of nuclear missile weapons into the armed forces," he stated, "there has been an increase in the role of the airborne forces." He hailed the "winged infantry's . . . capability of accomplishing swift marches across the clouds," and then gave a concrete example:

> Those who were at the Dvina maneuvers saw this for themselves, observing how in 22 minutes deep in the "enemy's" rear a large-scale operational landing was effected—approximately eight thousand men with full equipment, light and heavy.

V. *Hatred—Discipline—Victory*

Let us return now to our introductory statement about the present antimilitary climate in the United States. In this climate the Pentagon's chiefs must exercise extreme care to avoid saying anything that might be interpreted as inflammatory (hatred of the enemy, the virtue of discipline and pursuit of victory in war being currently unmentionable concepts). It is significant to see that what is scrupulously avoided in military jargon in the United States is preached openly and proudly in the Soviet Union. Three sentences from Major General Ilin's article will suffice to illustrate this point:

> Unmasking enemy ideology and fostering hatred for the imperialist aggressors occupy an important place in shaping high moral and political qualities in personnel. . . . [It is necessary] to search for means of shaping more effectively in soldiers, sergeants and officers the aspiration to follow unswervingly the demands of military regulations and orders. . . . The task of training courageous, brave fighting men able to overcome any difficulties on the path to victory is resolved in the process of tactical instruction, exercises, marches and the performance of military duty.

In appraising the politico-military meaning of this combined stress on missile-rattling and "our army's decisive moral superiority over the armies of the imperialist states" (Ilin), three elements should be borne in mind. First, instead of showing any inclination to replace confrontation with negotiations, the Kremlin's military chiefs seem bent on sharpening the ideological struggle between socialist and capitalist systems. Second, while lip service is still paid to a goal of peaceful coexistence with states with different social systems, these Soviet military leaders emphasize in the bluntest possible terms the strength and growth of a Soviet military might that goes far beyond the legitimate requirements of national defense. Third, Brezhnev's political doctrine of "limited sovereignty" for non-Russian socialist states obtains a military corollary in the concept of defense extending to the entire socialist aggregate.

It would be farfetched to conclude that the exhortations of these Soviet military leaders will as a matter of course guide the policies which the leaders of the CPSU will pursue in the aftermath of the 24th Party Congress. But it is certain that the Party will pay careful attention to what its men in uniform have proclaimed (and will undoubtedly continue to proclaim) in such unequivocal terms. And the picture of a neo-isolationist United States, a longtime rival with a diminishing prestige and a deteriorating military morale, could be a most dangerous inducement to the Soviet leaders to pursue a foreign policy requiring "expansion of the USSR armed forces' international tasks."

Stalin Lives!

The future alone can delineate which are the statements of policy intention and which the purely propagandistic phraseology in the harsh words of the Soviet brass. Unfortunately, there will be no Soviet CBS to denounce the use of public funds to promote reckless militaristic conditioning of the public. No member of the Supreme Soviet will take it upon himself to blast the size of the overt and hidden Soviet military budget. No "revisionist" Soviet academician will publicly express his outrage at a proudly proclaimed scientific-industrial subordination to the needs of military buildup.

To complete the picture and to add yet another ominous note on late developments in the Soviet Union, a few days before the opening of the 24th Congress the popular Moscow movie house "October" displayed in its central window a picture of Stalin presiding over a meeting of the Soviet Supreme Military Command. The picture was taken from a film that premiered on the evening of March 24, the third film in the series entitled *Liberation*. Unlike the first two films in the series, which had minimized Stalin's historical role, the latest (called *The Emissaries of Eternity*) showed Stalin seated at the right of Lenin at a time when momentous decisions were being made.

Add to the words of Ilin-Epishev-Yakubovsky-Grechko this new bit of evidence of Stalin's rehabilitation, and you will see that the cold (and potentially hot) warriors are well and vociferous in the Soviet Union, and moreover at the top of the Kremlin's military establishment. □

Let's Carbuncle Sam

Up into little pieces of eight
Balls and throw him to the hat
Red Guards are waiting in the wings
To assassinate all kings,
Princes, presidents, and monopolists;
Line up the kids for bedtime reformastories of fists
In the air, fuses, and dynamighty fine
Malcolm explosions, terror-for-credit, new whine
In old skin-deep slogans-to-order;
Sugar Cain's daughter
Is hanging in the post office right now waiting for stamp
Ede(n)s got a shrapnel-cramp
In its stomach trying to digest green
Jerry-built Rubincons crossed with simple simons and boosters; keen
Mind detectors are sweeping the echo-kultur
For looney bird, gull, albatross, and vulture.
Proferrors are dishing out the dungareënlightenment, catch
Words to patch
Up the thin garment of scholarship:
Life is a trip
Of Five Easy Pieces;
And Marx is so easy for nephews and nieces.

JOHANNES EFF

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LETTER FROM BERKELEY

Mau-Mauing Dr. Teller

W. I. SCOBIE

DR. EDWARD TELLER'S home in the calmer suburban reaches of the Berkeley hills is distinguished from its neighbors chiefly by a high chain-link fence and stout iron gates with heavy locks. The famous nuclear physicist erected these barricades last fall after the Red Family "political commune" and assorted street-people marched on his house to strike a blow against the Bomb.

Up the hill they came from the campus, all hair and rebel banners and funky hats, like so many extras from *A Tale of Two Cities* (1934), crying "Screw you, Dr. Strangelove!" There were threats of arson. Police intervention. Dispersal. It was not much of a show by Berkeley standards. Just part of the larger pattern of the mau-mauing of Dr. Edward Teller.

The irony of a refugee from Hitler's Germany putting up defenses against "the new Brown Shirts" (his description) was surely lost on the militants themselves. Teller professes alarm with a new-found vigor—not especially for his own person, but for the society which regards such incidents, and thousands of a more violent character, with relative indifference..

Not that he is enjoying it: He cannot, he says, walk across campus to Telegraph Avenue. Berkeley's modish heart and its lining of bombed banks, stoned head-shops has become too perilous. Bare-breasted street people might rush from the radically chic boutiques and mau-mau him to death. He appears to take some comfort from the fact that although the marchers set out several thousand strong, after listening to speeches from a self-appointed "War Crimes Tribunal," most of them dropped out along the way. "It is at least a mile from Telegraph Avenue." A grim smile momentarily lights up the gloomy face.

Why, he ponders, should the Funky Ones and their neo-Communist cheerleaders single him out for special assault from a very large field? He was not, after all, the chief architect of the atomic bomb. Nor was he one of those who proposed its use on Hiroshima. (He wanted a high-altitude demonstration over Tokyo by night.)

True, he led the cold war development of Superbomb against the opposition of those who said this country was many nuclear years ahead of Stalin's Russia. But critics fell silent, or nearly so, when it was proven that *they* might soon be ahead of *us*.

Could the heart of this radical chagrin lie in the fact that, however frightening the Bomb may be, there is no satisfactory answer to his charge that "if we stop research on defense while in the totalitarian countries this research is going on at an accelerated rate, your freedom of speech will not last much longer than mine."

Dr. Teller shakes a jowly head and elevates his remarkable eyebrows. That must be it. The Bomb is a subject of deep, sometimes superstitious emotion and woe betide those who do not, in the manner of Professor Robert Oppenheimer, beat their breast and cry, "Science has known sin!"

Teller does the contrary.. He argues his case in the press, on television, at public meetings, before scientific conventions. Because, he says, the growing distrust and loss of public interest in science is "a threat to the future of Western civilization"; and, well, because he doesn't like Brown Shirts.

Watching him rush into the fray, one does see that Teller-baiting might have its rewards, however total one's final rout. He rises so splendidly to challenge, inching into umbrage like a large balloon when the heat is on, yet never quite exploding. He dominates discussion with the weary Olympian zest of one who has grown tired of telling mortals unwelcome truths, but means to go on doing it. At 63, his hair is grey but thick, his accent a bit thick too, though he left his native Hungary 45 years ago.

The radical case against Dr. Teller tends to be rather long on invective and short on ideas. A form of exorcism, perhaps. The scientist and his fellows of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory are warmongers, death-mongers, belligerents, paid hacks of the Defense Department. These epithets are taken from Mr. Robert Scheer, a comrade from the Red Family, former editor of *Ramparts* and congressional candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, an organization dedicated to depriving the Establishment of both commodities.

One further brief example should suffice: an exchange during hearings of the Scranton Commission on Campus Unrest between Teller and a Harvard student on the Commission, Mr. Joseph Rhodes Jr.

> *Chairman Scranton:* Joe, do you have a question?
> *Mr. Rhodes:* Prof. Teller, perhaps young people today do not want to be a part of your deathly process, because they are tired of it, tired of being a part of the mechanisms of death. Let me ask you another question though . . .
> *Teller:* Excuse me, do I understand you to have asked a question that I should answer?

The mau-mauing reached its climax this year in Chicago, where Teller had gone to address the American Association for the Advancement of Science on problems of science and society. Forewarned, he had brought bodyguards.

"Thugs out!" yelled the demonstrators. But an improbable champion came forward, the meeting's chairman, Miss Margaret Mead.

IF HE has bodyguards, it is because they have been made necessary for him," she declared; and no one cared to trifle with the Mead-Teller axis. Then the physicist tried to speak, and up went the banners: "The War Criminal—a short play by Edward Teller." While onlookers were puzzling over that, one Dr. Richard Novick stepped into the lists to present Teller with the dissidents' own "Dr. Strangelove Award"—a chrome and wood toy soldier bearing the legend, "I am just following orders." Teller looked disdainful, then leaned toward Novick (a functionary of the New York Public Health Institute) and said loudly: "I did not expect this from you. You should be ashamed."

No pudency being evidenced, he went ahead and spoke. What Teller actually says—though one would suppose his

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views on the unilateral abolition of much scientific secrecy to be revolutionary enough for anyone—is irrelevant to the New Left: It is his inimical status as the Bombmaker that so maddens them; that and his unheard-of assault on their political nihilism. An intellectual, a professor-at-large at the University of California dares to cry fascist at the militants. Worse, the man has actually lived under fascism, has been hounded from Gottingen University as a Jew by the Nazis in the Thirties.

After the Strangelove affair, Teller began to spell out his charges with renewed force. To a gathering of Research Security Administrators in Santa Monica, close by the big Rand think-tank, he compared the New Left to the early Brown Shirts, and gave specific reasons for drawing the parallel.

In both cases, says Teller, revolt is unmotivated by any serious grievance; and in both cases it developed in an exceptionally tolerant atmosphere where the institutions attacked had high principles that prevented them from defending themselves. Most curiously, both movements were devoid of content. They were about nothing, without principle, doctrine, plan. Yet people blazed with enthusiasm. "The established order is rotten; destroy the established order. Put in its place . . . oh, something. Whatever. It can only be better."

If such a movement succeeds, says Teller—and it may easily do so, given the discontents that plague us all and the quantities of people with grievances always ready to follow the most promising piper—then its leadership is up for grabs. We have seen the kind of men who have seized such power in the past. And we have seen, too, the pathetic and bitter fate of the more honest revolutionaries at their hands.

Teller enumerates other similarities: the violence, the lack of discipline, the lack of thought. Discipline, he says, will come later: A year after Hitler took power a purge of the SA brought his youthful auxiliaries to heel.

That one movement sprang from the head of the reactionary Right while the other pays its dues to third-world Communism is not, Teller believes, the significant distinction to be made. The important difference is that the Nazis were a purely German phenomenon, while in the global village of today, the Movement is international. It is all over the free world, in France, Japan, India; it is almost as strong in England as here, and by far stronger in Germany. In China, the Red Guard let loose by Mao Tse-tung had many features in common with our student radicals. Even in Russia there are suppressed stirrings.

Another difference, says Teller, is that today's movement has found an immediate goal in the destruction of the universities. The leaders say so in a very explicit manner. They are as anti-intellectual as they can be. A weak point has been discovered and gives promise of early success. Education they rightly see as fundamental to the survival of the present form of Western civilization. And they have sensed a sore dissatisfaction among the intellectuals which encourages them to pursue their goal. The intellectual feels left out, unrecognized in the America of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, and goes for the mystic jackpot of Consciousness III in a welter of self-deceiving rhetoric.

To Teller's mind it is obvious that police should be called if a university is threatened with violence and destruction. He tells with incredulity of a colleague reduced to tears because he had "given way" and signed a statement agreeing to the use of police; and of watching members of the Chicago Seven on educational television, supported by government funds, talking of motivating sixteen year olds to blow up buildings and if necessary kill themselves in the process. All in the name of idealism.

Teller does not offer solutions. He has none, he says. Some colleges have shown that with courage and discipline, used with discrimination, you can resist. But more is needed, especially more understanding of the techniques used by the other side. The problem is worldwide and some of the answers will have to be found on a worldwide scale.

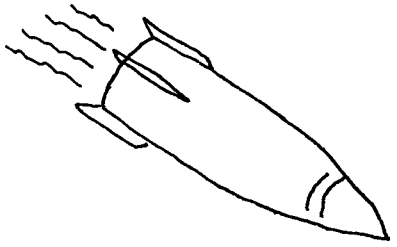
In his own field of science, Teller believes that anti-intellectualism of the movement is having considerable effect. Among young people and at the universities, thorough and patient understanding is no longer considered relevant. There is a loss of public interest and support that could lead to a deterioration of America's scientific strength which would in turn decisively influence our most vital concerns. Young people are overreacting to earlier attempts to place technology on the highest of pedestals. What is happening in biological work, he says, is typical.

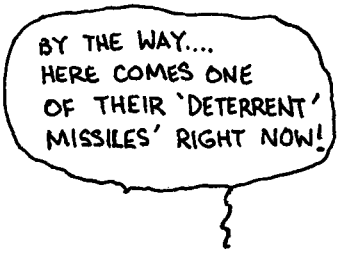
On one hand there are great developments that could lead to the resolution of "the greatest question," the understanding of life. On the other, we see the powerful ecological movement place all emphasis on demands for regulation rather than research. But how, if not through research, can society's demands for power and comfort, with cleanliness, be met?

WHAT CAN scientists do? Take a long look at themselves, Teller suggests. Stop screaming about Strangelove-ism and setting up those who work in defense research as Aunt Sallies.

"Perhaps we have meddled too much in other people's business, become too arrogant over our successes," says Dr. Teller. "Perhaps we should put our own house in order. The greatest contribution we can make to society is to do excellent scientific work and give the fullest possible explanation to our fellow citizens, especially the young."

Which is why he goes on talking. □





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THOUGHTS ON THE FOURTH

On the Meaning of Revolution

RICHARD F. GIBBS

THE CHARGE is often leveled that the American people, while glorying in their own revolutionary origins, are simultaneously denying to other peoples including some of their own—the right of revolution. America has, runs the argument, placed restrictions on the applicability of the universal principles of the Declaration of Independence, and is finally in the process of repudiating those principles altogether.

At the heart of the charge lies the word *revolution*, or more precisely the meaning of the word, the concept articulated by it. The Oxford English Dictionary defines revolution as:

> A complete overthrow of the established government in any country or state by those who were previously subject to it; a forcible substitution of a new ruler or form of government.

Obviously, this is a general definition and not entirely adequate to specific situations, any more than the definition for mammal would suffice adequately to define both men and cows. Dictionaries recognize this when they supply specific illustrations of word usage which complement the general definition with additional information. Thus, for any adequate definition of the word *revolution* in specific instances, it would be necessary to know something about the causes and effects of the given revolution.

The word "revolution" appears in English first as a term employed by astronomers in the fourteenth century, coming directly from the Latin. It referred to the orbit of a planet. Subsequently, it came to mean the return of anything to a previously occupied point in time or space. The first known usage of the word in a political sense is given by the OED as being in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* (1674), where the use is clearly metaphorical. Clarendon refers to the restoration of Charles II to the English throne in 1660, following the overthrow of the Protectorate government by Monk and associates, as "the revolution." The word was used twice more in the same sense in the seventeenth century. When the tyrant James II was deposed and William and Mary were "restored" to the throne of England in 1688-89, it was termed the "Glorious Revolution"; and when charter government was restored to the New England colonies in 1689, upon the demise of the Dominion of New England, it was termed the "New England Revolution."

The circumstances attending each of these *revolutions*, however, indicate that none of them was aimed at innovation, radical or otherwise. To the contrary, each of them consciously sought to oppose further innovation and to undo that which had crept in. Each of them was frankly restorative in outlook and intent. All implicitly, and explicitly, placed more trust in established institutions than in promising new theory. Most significantly, all these revolutions were undertaken in defense of liberty against tyranny in a new guise. Revolution, then, as a concept and as an action was justified as a means of defending and preserving the institutions which safeguarded personal liberty. Revolutionary ideology was consequently defensive rather than aggressive, seeking not to create but to maintain.

Moving forward abruptly into the twentieth century and its definition of *revolution*, we need to examine such phenomena as the Russian, Chinese and Cuban revolutions. Each, of course, conforms to the general definition as cited above from the OED. But each also has attendant circumstances radically different from the three *revolutions* of the seventeenth century. So, for example, none of these modern revolutions has aimed, even nominally, at the restoration of previously existing conditions. All place much higher value upon innovation than upon tradition. All are frankly aggressive rather than defensive, in ideology as in action. Far from being undertaken to defend traditional institutions, they were all undertaken on the premise that such institutions had to be destroyed and radically new ones instituted. Finally, without exception, these modern revolutions placed very small value on personal liberty. Their major concern is ostensibly with the corporeal welfare of humanity in the mass, and to this end such values as individual freedom of choice and action are considered entirely proper sacrifices, and, indeed, necessary ones. In sum, the regimes established by the modern revolutions conform entirely to the image of tyranny as defined by the revolutionists of the earlier period. Thus, while the general definition of *revolution*, i.e., the overthrow of established government by those previously subject to it, applies to both earlier and modern revolutions, the radically opposed circumstances attendant upon each of them—the causes, goals and results—make it clear beyond any reasonable rebuttal that we are dealing with drastically different phenomena.

INTO which of these definitions does the American Revolution fit? This event conforms to the general definition, since the Americans certainly overthrew the established government to which they were previously subject, and they did forcibly substitute a new form of government. But what of the attendant circumstances of this action which are needed to complete the definition? Was the American Revolution an aggressive attack upon established authority? The record shows that the colonists consistently reacted defensively to what they considered English aggression. So the siege of Boston was a direct response to what was regarded as an unprovoked attack at Lexington and Concord, just as the Continental Association was a defensive response to unconstitutional taxation.

What had the Americans to say on the subject of radical innovation? The records reveal that such innovation was one of the high crimes laid to the door of King and Parliament. "Restore our antient liberties," was a demand constantly reiterated; "the British Constitution is fixt," was an American axiom. Even when Americans did innovate, as in drawing the Constitution of 1787, they did so under force of circumstance rather than from any positive desire to innovate. But what of the assertions that the demands of the Americans were, in fact, radical even if the Ameri-

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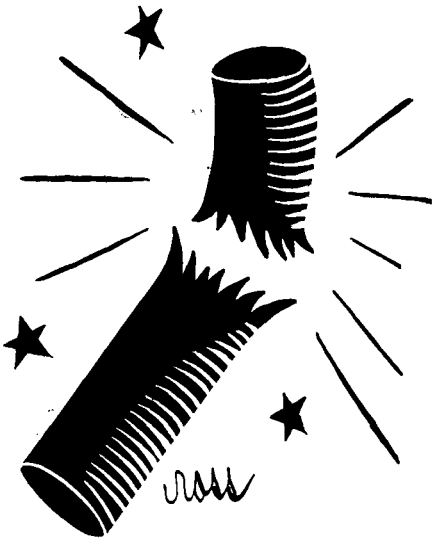
cans denied it? The doctrine of natural law, for example, is posed as radical. It was nothing more than a reiteration of ancient Anglo-Saxon dogma which maintained that man could not create law but only declare it in the form of "dooms," the consensus of the shire elders on the way things had always been done. So, too, the "radical" American insistence that they could only be represented by men elected by them found its precedent in the earliest days of Parliament when knights of the shire and burgesses of the boroughs were firmly bound by the rigid instructions of their constituencies; there was no thought whatever of members of the Commons representing the whole country. And were the Americans radical in establishing republican government? John Adams thought otherwise when he declared, "The British Constitution itself is republican."

Although the upper legislative chamber was now elected rather than appointed by the governor, the number of people who could vote for senators was severely restricted. Property and religious qualifications for electors of members of the lower houses remained virtually the same. The English common law remained, as did the pre-Revolutionary court structures. County and municipal governments were scarcely altered at all.

Much has been made of the disestablishment of the church as a consequence of the American Revolution. Little regard has been paid to the fact that the Americans automatically placed themselves beyond the pale of the Church of England when they forsook their allegiance to the King of England who was also head of the church. Where the Congregational Church was established before the Revolution, it remained established after the Revolution. But perhaps of more significance than all of the foregoing is the attitude toward personal liberty on the part of the American revolutionists. Concisely, it was their primary concern. Subordinating concern for individual liberty of choice and action to the welfare and strength of the state was utterly alien to the American mind. The concept that the individual derived his liberty from the benevolence of the state would have been considered tyranny *rampant*. To surrender personal liberty for material welfare was denounced as the ultimate in pusillanimity.

It seems beyond reasonable dispute



that the American Revolution clearly falls within the definition of *revolution* obtaining at the beginning of the eighteenth century. As such, it is also seen as a phenomenon drastically distinct from the twentieth-century revolution. However, as a final clincher, if one be needed, we can take a parting look at the attitudes toward private property evinced by the American Revolution and, say, the Russian Revolution: For the one it was sacred and to the other, anathema. For the Americans, there could be no liberty without property; for the Russians, property was simply theft and the single most evil source of human injustice.

It should be obvious, then, that the revolutionary ideology of 1776 is not the same as the revolutionary ideology of 1970. Thus, support for the revolution of 1776 while opposing the Cuban one, by no means demonstrates that a change has occurred in American attitudes. Similarly, a differing attitude in America toward the events of 1776 and those of 1917, 1949 and 1959 cannot be accepted as evidence of hypocrisy and infidelity, for it can be demonstrated that the American attitude toward the principles of modern revolution were the same in the eighteenth century as they are in the twentieth.

The revolutionary fervor and ideology were far from moribund in America when the first of the modern revolutions made its appearance in France. The French Revolution was initially heralded with great joy and enthusiasm in America where it was believed that the French were following our lead. The fall of the Bastille, the Tennis Court Oath, the Decrees of August Fourth, the Constituent Assembly, the October Days, the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen filled many American souls with delight. Many, but by no means all. Washington and others saw early on that here was no repetition of the American experience, and they warned their fellow citizens away from this strange new beast. Though it required more evidence for the untrained eye, this was not long in coming, for there soon appeared on the French stage such phenomena as the *levée en masse*, the *representatives en mission*, the *carmagnole*, *La Guillotine*, the Reign of Terror. The name of Lafayette was eclipsed by those of Marat, Saint-Just, Danton, Robespierre. New place names of horror were burned into the minds of men: the Vendée, Lyons, Nantes, Saint-Denis. There was also, of course, the new calendar which inaugurated a new beginning of time and symbolically cut off the past. The prototype upon which all future modern revolutions would be patterned had been cast. The American reaction to the French Revolution, when it had been revealed for what it was, was to turn from it in revulsion.

THERE IS, of course, a modern counterpart to the American reaction to the French Revolution; it is the parallel experience of the Cuban Revolution, which seems to me a striking illustration of the fact that American attitudes toward revolution have remained quite constant from the earliest days to the present. In his early days in the Sierra Maestra, Fidel Castro was, to many Americans, a genuine hero, struggling to free Cuba from the despotic tyranny of Fulgencio Batista. Funds, arms and even volunteers streamed to his aid. When final victory came suddenly in early 1959, Fidel Castro was accorded the traditional hero's welcome in America. There could be no serious doubt that Americans in general warmly supported this revolution. But within months of victory, it began to dawn that instead of freedom for the Cuban people, there was simply being fashioned a new tyranny, and Americans rejected Castro and his revolution. Was this really a change in attitude toward revolution? Was this a betrayal of the Declaration of Independence? Or was it, in the final analysis, the latest expression of a tradition American opposition to tyrannical attempts to suppress liberty? □

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LETTER FROM SAIGON

A Tale of the Trail

GENE GREGORY

THE Laos-Vietnam frontier at Tchepone has been disputed since the French colonial days, when Tchepone was governed as part of Vietnam, insists the guerrilla chieftain. His black eyes smolder beneath heavy brows, his hair is slightly greying; he wears an immaculately trimmed mustache—his distinguishing trademark known all over Laos. "The North Vietnamese quite naturally claimed it after the departure of the French; no Lao official has ever visited it and no Laotian military post has ever been established there."

After a brief pause, he continues his defense of Hanoi's recent invasion of Laotian territory, speaking slowly in flawless French and looking thoughtfully across the veranda toward the broad Mekong flowing past his headquarters, an old French colonial villa.

"The North Vietnamese are the friends of the Laotian people. They have no need of territory that does not belong to them."

The time: January 1959.

The place: Vientiane, Laos.

The speaker, nattily dressed in a white bush jacket, was the notorious Red Prince, Tiao Souphanouvong, titular head of the Pathet Lao.

This was my first meeting with the man who had led the Laotian Communist forces since 1945 and represented them in the coalition government formed in November 1957 after arduous negotiations with his enemy half-brother, Souvanna Phouma. This attempt at reintegration of the Pathet Lao into the Royal Laotian government had not gone at all well, to say the least. Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister of the ill-fated first coalition government, denied the confidence of the National Assembly on an issue of monetary reform, resigned in July 1958. The new government formed by Phoui Sananikone excluded Souphanouvong and the only other Pathet Lao member of the coalition, Phoumi Vongvichit.

Between December 23 and 29 of that year, Hanoi gave its answer to the turn of events in Vientiane, and to the failure of attempts by Pham Van Dong to open negotiations with Ngo Dinh Diem on the reunification of North and South Vietnam. Two companies of regular North Vietnamese soldiers were suddenly dispatched across the border into Laos, laid siege to Tchepone just south of the seventeenth parallel in Savannakhet Province, and established effective control over what was to become the pivot of the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

The "Ho Chi Minh Trail" had not yet entered the glossary of the Second Indochina War. Although the trail existed and had already become an artery for traffic from north to south, infiltration was limited, clandestine and usually on foot—once the surreptitious traveler had left one of the various rocky mountain passes on the border.

By 1958, the first North Vietnamese guerrilla forces were operating in the lowlands of South Vietnam. Organized agit-prop activities were conducted in Vietnamese communities of Cambodia and northeastern Thailand, laying the groundwork for insurgency in those countries. To maintain its contacts in these three areas, to infiltrate trained cadres from the North, and to receive back couriers and recruits for indoctrination, Hanoi depended on the jungle-shrouded trails of eastern Laos, along which men and supplies could be moved in near-perfect concealment.

By summer of 1958 it had become clear to the leaders in Hanoi that South Vietnam, where against enormous odds Ngo Dinh Diem had managed to form a surprisingly stable nationalist government, was not going to collapse in the chaos that followed the withdrawal of the French. Opportunities for Communist political action there were restricted. From this point in time, Hanoi's guerrilla action in both Vietnam and Laos began a gradual escalation. The North Vietnamese occupation of Tchepone marked the beginning of the Second Indochina War.

Few people were in a position to know better than the Red Prince the significance of this move, and few people were in a position to be less candid about it. Despite his tongue-in-cheek disclaimer, he was perfectly aware of the importance to Hanoi of Tchepone and the trails it controlled. From the outset, it has all been one war for Hanoi, and the Ho Chi Minh Trail has been its vital link.

To the North Vietnamese leaders, an Indochina strategy is second nature. Laos was to provide the labyrinthine marshaling yard and the all-important avenue for the men and matériel needed to stage the Second Indochina War and

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its peripheral insurgency in Thailand. Souphanouvong's foremost task was to keep the Trail open.

The Trail was expanded to its present 1,550-mile network of motorable roads, tunnels, bridges and river crossings largely by a massive North Vietnamese construction force—using conscripted Laotian coolies. The North Vietnamese have connected at least ten waterways with the system. In Hanoi's view, the maintenance and security of this transport complex is much too important to leave to the Laotians. Allied sources estimate that more than 55,000 men of the North Vietnamese 559th Transportation Group have been working to keep open this vital link in the Indochina war.

No-Win Policy

Souphanouvong and his 24,000-strong Pathet Lao have been given the task of waging a surrogate war to keep the full force of the Royal Army pinned down north of the Trail on the Plain of Jars and in the lowlands of the Mekong valley. Spurred on by orders and supplies from Hanoi during each dry season, the Pathet Lao, accompanied by heavy reinforcements of North Vietnamese troops, launch an offensive that takes them to the very outskirts of the small provincial town of Luang Prabang that serves as the royal capital. But they never take the town, nor do they actually threaten the life or security of the king.

This is the last thing Hanoi wants at this stage of the war. A serious threat to either the monarchy or the government in Vientiane would provoke the deployment of global military and diplomatic forces which might well mean the end of North Vietnam's privileged sanctuary in Laos and its use of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the southern Laos panhandle.

Between December 1958 and December 1970, Hanoi sent more than 500,000 men down the Trail. By the end of 1970, intelligence reports indicate, the infiltration rate had reached 200,000 men a year.

Prior to the March 1970 overthrow of Norodom Sihanouk in Cambodia, 80 per cent of the supplies for the sixty thousand North Vietnamese troops in that country and a large portion for the 120,000 in South Vietnam were shipped by sea to Kompong Som (Sihanoukville) and transported to the Vietnamese frontier by trucks of the Cambodian army or by private truckers who assured comfortable kickbacks to politicians in Phnom Penh. Since March, Hanoi's dependence on the Trail has been almost absolute. Laotian Premier Souvanna Phouma was not exaggerating at all when he declared: "If Hanoi lost the Ho Chi Minh Trail, it would lose the war in a few weeks."

Incessant U.S. raids during the past two years have transformed the Trail into a highway through Hell for the approximately three thousand Soviet-bloc trucks said to be in use prior to the South Vietnamese invasion of Laos. Trucks move mainly at night from one way station to another. Food, shelter and medical facilities as well as storage space and repair shops are provided at these stations, which are fixed about one day's march apart.

While a year ago, 62 per cent of all trucks were successful in reaching their final destination, the U.S. Air Force claims that during the last October 15 to January 15 period, only one ton in 32 reached frontline troops.

To offset these heavy losses, the North Vietnamese have simply increased the number of vehicles, at a terrible sacrifice of critically scarce drivers and trucks.

While the bombing of the Trail has caused the North Vietnamese heavy

losses in matériel, it seems not to have seriously affected their ability to infiltrate troop reinforcements into South Vietnam. As a rule, troops travel in battalion strength (five hundred to six hundred), staying off the wider, more exposed truck roads by using the completely separate system of primitive paths which was the original Ho Chi Minh Trail. Here the hazards are natural ones such as malaria, cholera, leeches and the torrential monsoon rains, all of which take their toll in lives and illness. A 10 per cent loss due to illness during the two months required for the Laotian leg of the march is about average.

Two dramatic events in the past twelve months have vitally affected Hanoi's logistic problems and its Trail strategy. The overthrow of Sihanouk not only deprived North Vietnamese forces of their principal avenue of supply and support for the Vietcong, but the resultant military action of combined Cambodian and South Vietnamese forces destroyed large reserves of arms, ammunition and quartermaster supplies. Before these problems were sorted out, South Vietnamese attacks on the Trail, for the first time in its twelve-year development as a major transportation artery, created further problems for the already severely strained North.

Their Turn Now

How long the North Vietnamese could continue to take this pounding in this over-extended three-front war had become a question of concern to leaders in Hanoi, as well as in Moscow and Peking.

Chou En-lai's visit to Hanoi and his spectacular exercise in ping-pong diplomacy strongly suggest that China, which supplies 70 per cent of North Vietnam's military assistance and 600,000 tons of rice a year, may have come to the conclusion that Hanoi can no longer sustain the war effort in the current proportions. Suppose South Vietnam attacks the Ho Chi Minh Trail again, and a third and fourth time. Given the considerable domestic problems in the North—production in both agriculture and industry suffers from severe manpower shortages, the problems of party leadership and discipline in the wake of Ho Chi Minh's death—Hanoi is in no position to weather the serious defeats that would follow effective interdiction of the flow of supplies and reinforcements over the Trail. Nor, for that matter, can Peking afford to have the much-touted model war of national liberation miscarry.

However much of a mauling the South Vietnamese took in their attack

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

The Great Pipeline Flap

DONALD COXE

NEVER had there been such a winter. On the first weekend of spring more than three feet of snow still blanketed the capital. A psychologist gained publicity in late March by predicting that if a thaw didn't come within days a terrible malaise would engulf the city, raising the suicide rate to a record. The Arctic winds blowing helped remind politicians that Canada has more territory than the populated thin band along the U.S. border. The Mackenzie River basin—a seven-hundred-mile valley running from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean—has become of late the most talked-about area in the country.

The importance of this remote area, which until recently served as little more than *mise en scène* for Mountie mythmaking, derives from events outside Canadian borders. A little over three years ago Atlantic Richfield announced a major oil find at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. As further wells confirmed the immensity of the discovery, oil companies began planning for a pipeline to carry the oil to Southern Alaska, and orders were placed for giant tankers to complete the transportation to Washington and California.

There is now substantial doubt whether the Alaskan pipeline will ever be built. Strong voices are being raised in advocacy of a trans-Canadian route down the Mackenzie valley. Questions of ecology, security and sovereignty are being raised in what may become the most crucial issue of Canadian-American relations in this century. Fifty-five congressmen, at this writing, have demanded that the Alaskan route be abandoned. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton and Secretary of State William Rogers have publicly indicated great interest in the Canadian route. In so doing they are reflecting concern about the ecological arguments advanced by conservationist opponents of the Alaskan route, but taking little cognizance of the great potential for blackmail that would be conferred on a future Canadian government if the Mackenzie should become the most important single source of American-produced crude oil for American refineries.

The Alaskan route would cross one of the world's most active seismic areas. Critics suggest that a big earthquake could rupture the pipeline, dumping millions of barrels of warm oil into the fragile Arctic environment. North America's last major caribou herd annually migrates across the proposed route; no one really knows what the herd might do when it reached the pipeline, even if special crossways were built. To complicate matters further, Eskimos now claim title to the land the Federal Government was planning to lease to the pipeline company, and emotional litigation looms.

For a while it looked as if these arguments would stall construction of the pipeline indefinitely. Pipelaying was to have begun in March 1970, and gigantic shipments of pipe (manufactured in Japan) were delivered to Alaska. Then Walter Hickel as Secretary of the Interior delayed issuance of permits in an astonishing grandstand play.

Then Administration opinion began to shift. President Nixon indicated last fall that the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System (TAPS) would get the go-ahead. The delay had produced economic catastrophe in Alaska, and former favorite son and governor Hickel returned home in disgrace.

During all this argument, the Canadian government had remained silent, preoccupied with kidnapings and insurrection. After the FLQ was crushed, Canada leaped into the middle of the pipeline controversy. Canadian Resources Minister J. J. Greene made a widely quoted speech in the U.S. announcing Canadian opposition to TAPS on the ground that a maritime disaster involving one of the supertankers would destroy large portions of the coast of British Columbia. Why, he asked, spend billions on a scheme that relies on oiltankers when their safety record is so miserable? As public relations departments of the major oil companies were preparing their rebuttal, two small Standard Oil of California tankers collided off San Francisco, and only the immediate mobilization of thousands of residents prevented an ecological tragedy. Suddenly, Greene's dire warnings began to look realistic.

Only one major U.S. company (Phillips) is publicly supporting the Mackenzie route, but most of the others are showing keen interest. Greene has indicated his government will demand that the pipeline be a common carrier, picking up crude from Canadian sources along its route. Since the Canadian Arctic is assumed by oilmen to have even greater potential than Alaska, such a plan would guarantee access to markets for resources that might otherwise be locked in for a decade.

U.S. companies can afford to be neutral on this point, because they control much of the land in the Mackenzie basin through subsidiaries. The biggest landholder is Imperial Oil, owned 70 per cent by Jersey Standard. Imperial, in turn, owns 33 per cent of Interprovincial Pipeline, whose system would connect with the Mackenzie pipe and deliver oil to the U.S. border. About 90 per cent of Canada's known oil reserves are held by foreign-controlled companies.

The Mackenzie route looks better on environmental and economic grounds. There have even been suggestions that it's better for the U.S. from a defense standpoint, because Russian submarines could decimate the tanker fleet quickly in event of war, while the pipeline would be more secure.

THE IMPONDERABLE here is the geopolitical significance of allowing the Canadian government to control the flow of Alaskan oil to the Lower 48. The spectacle of France reeling before Algeria's Boumédienne as he threatens 27 per cent of France's oil imports is worth remarking. Could Canada ever be anything but a totally reliable ally?

The answer is: It depends. Although Canada is still as reliable an ally as the U.S. has, there are some disturbing trends that suggest Americans should not assume blindly the perpetuation of our current close relationship.

The first factor to note is the long-range impact on Canadian views of the U.S. as a result of the continued resi-

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GLORIA VAN BLARCOM'S OPTIONS

It's a Wise Child

J. D. TIERNEY

MR. CLEAN scooped Manhattan fallout from the Pompeiian green fountain on the terrace of his duplex penthouse. He reached across the surface of the tiny pool with a homemade cheesecloth net on a wire handle, snapping his catch onto the tile floor. Water flowed from four leaflike spouts on a short column topped by a cast lead statuette of a smiling, barefoot girl in a short dress with the wind behind her, head back, arms outstretched in a V of welcome to something. Mr. Clean finished his work, placed the net on top of the brick wall to dry in the sun and looked south down the East River at the swayback of the UN Assembly building and the tall rectangle of the Secretariat. Across the river a tug fussed with a freighter.

He heard the French door open behind him and turned. It was his son, Jeremy, Yale (dropout) '72.

"Nice of you to stop in," said Mr. Clean. "Did you read about the girl with hair like yours? Didn't wash it for six months. She was bitten to death by spiders that made a nest in it."

Jeremy sat down in a batwing chair. He wore steel-rimmed glasses, a stained brown suede jacket with long fringe, Clorox-faded dungarees, and sandals. His toes were dirty. "You like Gloria Van Blarcom, don't you?" he said.

"Yes, I like her. I went through school with her father. I liked her when she was a little girl, and later when we all went skiing together at Aspen, and when she started hanging around the damn Village. I liked her when she joined the SDS. I even like her now, though I don't see her any more. Are you still living with her in that slum commune?"

"If that's what you want to call it, yes. A group of us are living together in the factory district. Sharing."

"Are you sharing Gloria, too?"

"Gloria has her options."

"That girl has made very poor use of her looks. She should have been an actress."

"Doing TV commercials between engagements?"

"All right, they're degrading. One housewife promoting a detergent to another even dumber than she is. 'But Marge, your clothes aren't sunshine white because you're not using new Urge. See how new Urge even removes baby soil? Makes everything breezy fresh! And it costs only a penny more for the hundred-pound box!' "

" 'You're right, Mabel,' " Jeremy mimicked, " 'I guess my clothes and linens are filthy because I've been using *old* Urge. I'll run to the supermarket right now and get a supply of new Urge before we all come down with typhus.' "

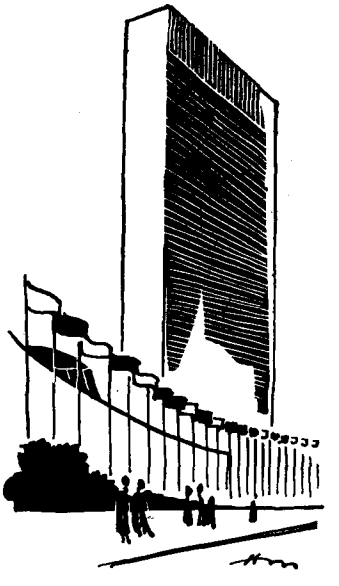
"No," Mr. Clean said, "I wouldn't want to see Gloria doing that. But there are better things."

"Like *Coco*, or *Applause*? Package stuff for the suburban pukes."

"I can see that Gloria must have considered the theater and has been wobbled by your blockheaded reasoning. All I meant was that she is sensitive, childish and has all the natural self-confidence of the overprivileged. What else does an actress need? Why are we talking about Gloria?"

"Because I asked if you liked her."

"Why did you ask?"



"Because I want her to live here."

"Does she know it?"

"Yes. She said it would be all right. She wants to move out of the pad."

"Has she considered going home?"

"No. Her parents always hassle her."

"And she thinks I won't. Well, she's right. But don't count on your mother. I must say it's taken Gloria's disgust with the pad a long time to mature. Remember, I visited there once. A little corner of Transylvania."

"Yes. That was when you were, like, still trying to relate. You turned everybody off."

"Those creeps were born turned off."

"As soon as you got in, right at the door, you came on with what you thought was a great line: 'Good evening Nixon voters.' "

"Oh, yes. I recall their dazed hostility. To hell with them."

"That's what they said about you. Only more."

"Good. Anyway, Gloria wants to move. Why should she move here?"

"She's pregnant."

"Yes? Are you to live here, too?"

"I'll visit."

"Don't bring any friends with you. Does your mother know about this? It's beyond her experience. Right now she's out shopping for a sports car."

"She doesn't know. Neither do the Van Blarcoms."

"All right. I'll take care of that. Tell her she can have the large guest room. Has there been any discussion of marriage, or abortion?"

"No."

"I suppose it's too early for the first and too late for the second."

"I suppose. I'll go tell her."

Jeremy left. Mr. Clean hiked himself up and sat on the terrace wall.

Half an hour later Mrs. Clean returned. She came out on the terrace bearing traces of excitement. "Good news," she said. "We're getting a Morgan Plus 8. You know how scarce they are. Only 150 will be imported all next year. Marcia Huntington had an option on one and changed her mind. She turned it over to me. Wasn't that nice? The car will be great for driving in the country."

"I have news, too," said Mr. Clean.

"What?"

"To put it briefly and proverbially, under this roof you will shortly become the illegitimate grandmother of an unwise child. It has to do with Gloria Van Blarcom's options." □

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C. H. SIMONDS

For Now

PORNOGRAPHY, HO-HUM

IN MY DAY (which is over) kids didn't get to see much pornography. Once the *Minneapolis Morning Tribune* ran an antismut ad that showed a sinister man displaying forbidden pictures to some gaping boys. To my intense regret, the man never made it to my schoolyard (perhaps he saw the ad and lit out for St. Paul). We had *Playboy*, when we could get it; usually we stole it—not because we were poor, but because the guy behind the counter at Ortie's Korn Shop wouldn't sell it to kids. Every so often one of us would rip a backlit nude out of his father's copy of *U.S. Camera*, and along about the ninth grade a dog-eared copy of *Peyton* ("Her nipples were like diamonds") *Place* circulated, with the relevant pages marked. Once in a blue moon an issue of *Sun Era, American Nudist* or whatever would turn up—all fortyish Rotary and Eastern Star types playing volleyball in sepiatone, and with What We Really Wanted To See carefully airbrushed out.

When we were a little older occasionally we'd see Real Hot Stuff: I remember almost being clobbered for losing someone's copy of *The Debauched Hospodar* by Guillaume Apollinaire; I recall a set of French (we could tell they were French because what clothes the people had on, looked funny) pictures that were rather educational; and I'll never forget a deck of playing cards featuring obese Mexicans that would have made Casanova celibate.

None of this ruined our lives or turned us into hardened sex criminals. We were curious, but we were yellow as well. Smut satisfied much of our curiosity; as I recall, we found it briefly interesting and soon boring. What with it, biology class, bull sessions and a little common sense, we managed to learn just about everything we needed to know.

Now, fifteen years later, Dr. Mary Calderone's fuzzy little fornicating puppy-dogs are presented for the edification of grade-school children; educationists seem grimly determined to "fill their little heads with facts, facts, facts," like Mr. Gradgrind (or is it Mr. M'Choakumchild?) in *Hard Times*. This has got a lot of folks up in arms: "Don't do it in school," they say, "sex education belongs in the home." Unhappily, parents are poor instructors in this particular area. My own belief is that sex education belongs in what everyone calls (rather unfairly) "the gutter." In a book from which I got lots of useful information when I was a boy, *The Human Body*, Dr. Logan Clendenning says something to the effect that sex education, be it mechanical or moralistic, tends to take the fun out of sex; that sex is "a cosmic joke played on mankind" and therefore gutter-giggles are more appropriate than pieties or clinical diagrams.

I believe that more than ever now that I've inspected *The Sex Book: A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia*, which the alert bookseller is pushing hard these days, complete with endorsements (" 'Bold and Useful'—*Newsweek* . . . 'Explicit and humane'—*Time*"). "This is a book for young people and their parents," says the Introduction. "It deals with sex in an honest and straightforward manner. . . ." There follow two hundred and some pages of sexual terms defined—perfectly well, for the most part: A "brothel" is "a house where people can rent sexual partners for money"—more useful to the curious youth than the ordinary dictionary's evasive "a house of prostitution."

THE AUTHORS of *The Sex Book* are down on morals and standards: Terms like "aberration" and "perversion" and "unnatural" are dismissed because they imply "value judgments." "Chastity" is defined as "an attitude of sexual responsibility"; "Unfortunately, today most people equate chastity simply with sexual abstinence. This one-sided interpretation has robbed the word 'chastity' of its original relevance, and has given it the appearance of old-fashioned narrowmindedness." Deviation? ". . . it is sometimes advisable to replace 'deviance' with 'variance,' which has never had any negative connotations." "Crime against nature," we are informed, is a phrase that "dates back to the Middle Ages, and the word 'nature' has here a very different, rather mystical meaning which is inaccessible to modern science and even ordinary common sense." So much for Aquinas.

The highest good, a reader of *The Sex Book* learns—in fact, he suspects, the *only* good—is something called "human contact"; which is best achieved through the exercise of human sexuality. "Love" gets in here somehow, but the definition of "love" is pretty vague, perhaps because it is not yet accessible to modern science. "Only one thing is certain: a person who is all to himself, without anyone to love, cannot lead a truly human life." Hoping that possibly these people are onto something after all, one flips back to the Gs. Alas, there is no "God" between "glans" and "go-go girl."

In short: Some useful information, but the book is fundamentally unsatisfactory because it seeks to reduce to neat definitions things that elude the process. It fails precisely where its authors say previous books on sex education have failed: It treats "sex in an abstract manner, as if it had little bearing on the personal life of the reader." That is all that any book can do.

As if to remedy this deficiency, *The Sex Book* includes "explicit photographs" that are "not only instructive but also convey a much needed sense of joy, tenderness and respect for the beauty and vulnerability of the human body." This is done, mind you, "not from any desire to violate standards of decency, but to provide accurate visual information." Accurate as hell: Alongside the entry on "masturbation," do those young people and their parents really need a photograph of the act? Sometimes it gets ridiculous: With the definition of "acne" we are given a double-page, larger than life picture of a boy (evidently) popping a pimple. In the "joy, tenderness and respect" department are a number of pseudo-arty pictures of people writhing vaguely around like inhabitants of the Inferno as seen by Gustave Doré; I can just see some poor kid trying to figure out what they have to do with sex.

All in all, old-fashioned smut is more useful—and more honest, I think. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

UNEASY DOUBTS ABOUT NIXON

If my contacts and conversations are at all typical, the American conservative community is profoundly concerned with the direction of the Nixon Administration and deeply disturbed as to the course responsible conservatives should take now and in the immediate future.

The bill of particulars in criticism of the Administration is long and circumstantial. But first, on the positive side. Nixon's handling of the Vietnam war, considering the limitations under which he is operating, is almost universally approved. His nominations for the Supreme Court have been favorably received (although some small doubt has crept in even here, after Burger and Blackmun's support of busing in the South).

That is about it—about all that one can hear on the favorable side.

The doubts that have arisen encompass both domestic and foreign policy. Domestically, the entire Nixon social-economic program is seen as essentially identical with the liberal developments of the past forty years. Indeed, Nixon's proposals have marked a quantum jump in the welfarist direction unequaled since Franklin Roosevelt. It is, first of all, the Family Assistance Plan (which, while it differs from Congressman Mills' present proposals in detail, represents the same principles) that has caused the most serious conservative criticism. The concept is too close to the idea of a guaranteed annual income. The addition of twelve million people to the relief rolls; the stating of a universal figure as a floor under income, a figure which can be the plaything of demagogues; the manifest weakness of the work provisions—taken together, they form a horrifying picture of institutionalized bread and circuses.

Nixon's proposal of national health insurance, while mild compared to the Kennedy Plan, accepts a principle that in the end can be disastrous. Long experience teaches us that new programs grow exponentially, and the acceptance of the principle of federal responsibility in the field of health is seen as the first step to federal domination of the entire field of medical care, a national health service on the British model.

It is not, however, these and similar programs of massive government expenditure alone that delineate the liberal thrust of the Administration's domestic policies. Underlying them and giving them form is the acceptance of settled liberal fiscal and economic policy, signalized by Nixon's remark that he has become "a Keynesian." Whatever the meaning of that may be in strict economic terms, it is clear what it meant to the President: the acceptance of the liberal policy of spending and borrowing as the core of his economic program. The inflationary direction of the Administration's course is denoted not only by the acceptance on principle of budgets in deficit (deficits which, it can be predicted, will be much greater than the planned figure), but also by the precipitous retreat in recent months from the Administration's earlier monetary policies directed toward restraining inflation.

In the field of foreign and defense policy, conservative criticisms are equally widespread. On defense, major concern is with the deterioration of our strategic deterrent, and the associated policies connected with the SALT talks. Though the decay of our strategic deterrent vis-à-vis the power of the Soviet Union is the basis of the most serious criticism, at less vital but still most important levels, such as the state of our Navy and the lack of an up-to-date air superiority fighter, the same concern exists.

The deterioration of our defenses is seen against a background of apparent lowering of the level of understanding of Communism, and of the rhetoric with which Communism is confronted. The concept of negotiation rather than confrontation is widely seen by anti-Communists as a delusion, considering the history of the Communist powers. Nor have doubts on this question been resolved by the ping-pong initiatives toward Red China and the outburst of media nonsense about China that has followed those initiatives. Neither on defense nor on foreign policy has the Administration acted in such a way as to retain confidence within the conservative community.

These are some of the doubts circulating among conservatives. That they are extremely widely held, I can vouch; but there is no unanimity, indeed there is widespread confusion, as to what conservatives should do under these circumstances. In spite of the weaknesses of the Nixon Administration, there is almost universal agreement that any conceivable Democratic candidate in 1972 would be much worse. Responsible conservatives almost all agree that Wallace is no alternative. While they understand that he does express some of the attitudes of Middle America, they regard him as definitely not a conservative. Further, there is of course no sober political possibility of challenging Nixon from the right for the Republican Presidential nomination.

What, then, to do in order to bring pressure on the Administration from a conservative direction when there exists no realistic conservative alternative? I think there is an answer to this, although it is a complex and difficult one. There seems to be no question that conservatives will support Nixon in 1972, if only as a greatly lesser evil. But there is a great deal of difference between support given for that reason and enthusiastic support—a difference great enough to compass the margin between victory and defeat. Conservatives, I think, should make clear by every resource in their possession, their dissatisfaction with the present policies of the Administration, and they should fight for the adoption of conservative policies. Such a concerted campaign could convince Nixon that on his change of course depends the enthusiastic support of conservatives, without which his election will be doubtful indeed. This, unlike some conservative dreams, is a realistic course and one with a chance of success. □

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BOOKS

Four Dead in Ohio

Kent State: What Happened and Why
By James A. Michener
Random House, 559 pp., $10

DAVID BRUDNOY

"Tin soldiers and Nixon coming/We're finally on our own/This summer I hear the drumming/Four dead in O-hi-o." Thus balladeer Neil Young of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young whines in "Ohio," Woodstock Nation's version of what happened at Kent State University a year ago May. Young's next line, *"Gotta get down to it* [;] *soldiers are cutting us down,"* caps the message: the Establishment grooves on spilling kids' blood. First Cambodia, then the riots at Kent following the National Guard move onto campus, next the deaths of four Kent students, and, suddenly, nationwide strikes on hundreds of campuses, cancellation of classes and exams, chaos in academe, as the propagandists hysterically shrieked the story Neil Young has so smoothly mythologized and set to music.

Then the lines hardened, the Authorized Version (innocent kids, trigger-happy "tin soldiers") challenged by the Right Version: the four dead were all rioters, troublemakers, the girls pregnant, syphilitic, they were all on drugs, Jerry Rubin's to blame for it all because he incited violence, the Guardsmen were in mortal danger from student snipers. Within days of early May 1970, Kent State had become a litmus test: you knew, we knew, where a man stood by hearing his evaluation of the events surrounding the deaths of Allison Krause, Sandra Scheuer, Jeffrey Miller and William Schroeder.

THE KENT STATE happenings cried for intelligent investigation, for a marshaling of all available evidence, for the hand of a seasoned writer. Although over-long, occasionally lachrymose, and unavoidably weakened by too heavy reliance on partisan testimony, which is never the whole truth, James A. Michener's new book is an exceptionally honest attempt to fill the void hitherto left unfilled by reams of journalistic pap, including, prominently, Mr. Scranton's report.

Mr. Michener understands the new American collegian. He has not been greened, and his eye is clear. He writes with the controlled sadness of an adult grieving for his country but determined to learn from the incident rather than just wallow in it, unwilling to swallow either version of the story whole, uninterested in gaining friends or influencing people except by appealing to their reason and their sense of fairness. He veers a bit uneasily between a heavy ponderous style more suited to his elephantine novels and a reportorial lightness; he alternates superlative analysis with interminable descriptive sections. At spots one is irritated by Mr. Michener for letting his material dominate him, but eventually one realizes: this is right, this is true, this is the account we've needed.

Early on, Mr. Michener delineates the life-style of the elders and that of an increasingly growing number of American youths. In a few pages, expressed better than in any other book I've seen, the author shows how mere (!) style serves to drive a wedge of such firmness between the generations that "gap" is negligent understatement. Later, Michener portrays the habits, goals, tactics of the extremist leftists and Negroes who had been working for years at Kent to disrupt civilized discourse there, to destroy the school if they could. Until this book, we had no liberal who would tell us that things at Kent were as bad as some conservatives said. In fact, things were worse, as Michener shows; Kent had long before been picked quite deliberately as a focus of *revolutionary* activity (the terms is chosen carefully).

ONE READS *Kent State* and comes away not liking the students there, neither the radicals nor the apathetic mass who were tolerant of the antics of those who wanted to bring their university to its knees. The faculty, too, by and large composed of those who slaver over the young, contributed by their lack of leadership to the nauseating cult of youth which helped corrupt Kent, as it has corrupted American higher education everywhere.

Why did it happen? What caused the deaths of four students, none of whom was a revolutionist, although all were radicals and one *may* have carried a pistol that day? They did not die *because* for three days prior to the shootings, the campus was disrupted by rioting, arson, violence. But they died in the climate which those three days had brought: students grown frantic by the taste of power and the exhilaration of danger; professors and administrators typically pondering while the ROTC building—and law and order at Kent State—burned; Guardsmen scared, unprepared and, worse, imprecisely directed.

After the four were shot, hundreds of townspeople wrote letters to local newspapers, showing unbelievable (I, at least, can barely believe it) hatred of students, sanguinary passions laid out bare, lusting for more deaths. Even parents of Kent students, many, many parents, told their children that if they, their kids, were there, they should have been shot to death too. One mother began her testimony to a reporter by saying that "anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted de-

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serves to be shot." The rest of her statement is too hideous to quote here. All that came after the shootings, but surely that climate of opinion fits justly into Michener's mosaic, helping to carry the interpretation on to a level far more complex than either the Authorized or Right Versions. In the same way, the students gloating over their comrades' violence, rushing down the hill toward the Guards screaming "Kill, Kill, Kill!," made Kent State what it was the instant before the four students were killed. Mr. Michener leaves none of it out.

His final section, "Significance," is tough-minded, right on target, so sensible that even if extracted from the book and published separately, it would be worth close study. In context, built up to by five hundred pages of fact, opinion and rumor, what James Michener thinks Kent State says about America today and portends for tomorrow, is so important that not even the Pulitzer Prize it will surely win can reward it adequately. □

FICTION

Jungle Lovers
By Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 307 pp., $5.95
My Son Is a Splendid Driver
By William Inge
Little, Brown, 224 pp., $5.95
Punch Goes the Judy
By William Sonzski
Delacorte, 209 pp., $5.95

INTELLECTUAL WATTAGE: HIGH AND LOW

D. KEITH MANO

Let me save the worst for last. I want to get right down to the business of praising *Jungle Lovers* by Paul Theroux. If I know the promotion department at Houghton Mifflin Co., Paul Theroux will need all the outside publicity he can get. His novel deserves it.

Jungle Lovers takes place in a Malawi which isn't *the* Malawi. Along with several dozen sorts and shades of black characters there are three quite extraordinary whites: Calvin Mullet, an insurance salesman who cares (he pays his clients' premiums); a revolutionary,

Marais; a British major, Beaglehole, a remnant of colonialism. The fictional Malawi produces groundnuts, rice and laughter—profound laughter, frivolous laughter, astringent laughter. *Jungle Lovers* is a delight to read.

Theroux is closer to the Orwell of "Shooting an Elephant" than he is to the Waugh of *Black Mischief*. Malawi, the place, is there—filthy, violent, hot, fully stocked with explicit flora and fauna—unlike "place" in Waugh which is often only an amateur stage set for the use of strange characters and their idiosyncratical dialogue. The theme, too, is Orwell's. "We need you," the Africans say as, at various moments, they hold Mullet, Marais, Beaglehole in a kind of lax stupefying captivity. The whites who are always doing, who are a repository of the national ambition, are all done to in the end. There is the same nightmarish puppeteering that Orwell experienced as he trudged along with his elephant gun under his arm.

Major Beaglehole tells of a white prison warden who has been hacked to pieces by the natives: it is one of the most amusing events in the book. The scene is emblematic of *Jungle Lovers*. Throughout Theroux balances harsh realism and tragedy with high comic art. He can achieve this perhaps because Malawi itself thrives on these unlikely juxtapositions. The nature of the jungle, of the blacks is static: such stasis the stuff of comedy. Marais and Mullet are compelled by this uncompromising inertia to change, to capitulate: that is the drama. There is no clash of genres. Mr. Theroux understands his craft as he understands his fictional country. Indeed, they are often the very same sort of thing.

My Son Is a Splendid Driver and *Punch Goes the Judy* both examine the American family circa 1920 and circa 1970 respectively: both find it a repressive, nasty institution. William Inge's book is at least well-written, respectable—though I have my doubts about its ultimate value. About Mr. Sonzski's book I have no doubts: *Punch Goes the Judy* is the worst novel I have had to read in the last five years.

William Inge writes in the form of a memoir, which, by his own admission, approximates autobiography. The novel is similar, in tone and intent, to William Gibson's *Mass for the Dead*, but is slimmer, rural, less complex. Together they argue poorly for the mental health and happiness of American playwrights. Both Inge and Gibson dwell with morbid fascination on the unpleasant, submerged sexual aspects of family life.

The family in *My Son Is a Splendid Driver*—father, mother, two sons, two daughters, aunts, uncles, cousins—is honeycombed with sexual guilt and repression, as is, presumably, the whole sovereign state of Kansas in the 1920s. Mother feels that father's sexual advances are filthy, degrading. She conspires with the children against him: the splendid driver son becomes a love surrogate. Dad's final shame is brought about when he brings home a case of VD and shares it with his spouse. There is truth in this, of course—Kinsey found that more than one-third of women born between 1900 and 1920 had never achieved orgasm—but it is a partial truth and the novel distorts it out of proportion. The children all turn out unhappily; they are stunted by guilt. This is a sad, clinical tale, written with dignity and imagination and restraint, yet I doubt if many readers would care to have Mr. Inge's depressing, bitter memories of another era imposed on them with such unremitting emphasis.

If *Punch Goes the Judy* is so bad, one might fairly ask, why bother to review it? I did consider referring to it as novel X, written by author Y—for even the most excoriating critique does this book a favor. But, in these political times, a very poor novel can prove instructive.

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This is an effete sort of radical's book. It deals with a young man detailed to bring his *wonderful, perfect, sensitive* sister home to Indiana—her name is Punch, she's been busted for smoking pot and she loathes the child-murdering, hypocritical American Establishment. The book isn't bad for that reason; conceivably great literature could clothe that theme. But this is not great literature; it's a disaster.

One paragraph of many, many similar paragraphs will have to serve as an epitome. "She cared. She cared desperately. So desperately that she tried, like a person in a fatal fall, to scream out one last human expression. To distil a ton of newspaper copouts and years of gutless network *specials* into a quick, agonizingly accurate kick in the balls" (p. 169).

Note the progress of that paragraph. A succession of mindless, corny clichés saved—hopefully saved, that is—by hard, masculine "kick in the balls." This novel tells you something about the free speech movement, about sexual promiscuity and, yes, about the bombs. But for their profanity and their activism our hippie generation has no more intellectual wattage than the housewives who read *Ladies' Home Journal*, while watching *Search for Tomorrow*.

In fact these are the same people: excruciatingly sentimental, excruciatingly silly. If our youth realizes this in moments of lucidity, then it must surely terrify an entire generation. Their leaders have the same task that soap opera writers have: to turn out, day by day, enough tear-jerking pap about the race problem, Vietnam, dead lakes and rivers, etc. Of his dog Mr. Sonzski writes, ". . . that frolicking, loving, licking spirited bundle of brown and white" (p. 168). Of his wonderful, swell sister's revolt, ". . . Poor kid she had a tyranny all of her own to fight" (p. 138).

Poor kid. Poor Mr. Sonzski. But I don't worry about him. He's a writer and harmless enough. What about all that teeming youth? If they don't curse or pour pig's blood on something or bomb . . . well, how will they distinguish themselves from all the silly housewives? I worry about that. □

Depressed Thoughts After Reading Alvin Toffler's "Future Shock"

I haven't moved for twenty years,
Nor do I like to switch careers.
I wouldn't own a motor car.
Vacation-wise, I don't fly far.
I like antiques, not throw-aways.
I don't sing the bulldozer's praise
If some doll sports a paper dress
I say right out that she's a mess.
The kiddie culture makes me spit.
I'm obviously out of it.

W. H. von Dreele

James Madison
By Ralph Ketcham
Macmillan, 753 pp., $17.50

COMMON SENSE IN THE FACE OF FACT

VINCENT MILLER

James Madison's shining hour came in the summer of 1787 when he was 36 and earned for himself the right to be called "the Master-Builder of the Constitution." Although he was to live for 49 more years, 26 of them at the center of things, the rest of his life seems one long anticlimax, perhaps the longest and most prominent anticlimax in American history.

From 1789 on he failed in almost everything he attempted. He was floor leader of the House during Washington's Administration and the President's trusted adviser. But he was unable to stop Hamilton's drive to establish a ruling aristocracy. Adams had to do that; Madison retired to Montpelier. He returned four years later as Jefferson's Secretary of State, in which capacity he served for eight years, contributing significantly to decisions that, in Professor Ketcham's words, endangered the national survival. And finally, as President in his own right, he so utterly botched the nation's relations with both France and England that he got his capital burned. Still, his mistakes are worth pondering. They grow from a common source and much of the nation's character is bound up in them.

One mistake seems to typify him. He had kept in charge of the defense of the capital an incompetent general named Winder. Henry Adams said of Winder that he was "incapable either to organize, fortify, fight or escape." Now at a crucial point in the nation's business, indeed on the evening before Washington was burned, Madison rode off—summoned no less—to confer with this incompetent about his job. And nothing came of it. Madison's horse kept rearing so badly he couldn't get near enough to the conversation to take part in it. Nor was he able, so it seems, to dismount. If many an American President since has appeared to be in much the same situation, Madison's career helps us to understand why.

No doubt Professor Ketcham's conclusion is the right one. Madison's life was one long act of faith in America and in democracy. As a public servant he was determined to do nothing that questioned the republican form of government or cast doubts upon the existence of a responsible citizenry, respectable legislative leaders, and self-reliant public servants. As a result, he did nothing but talk while the country drifted, selfish and shortsighted; he permitted incompetents to stay in power if they had risen to it through the designated channels; and he refused to play a proper game of power politics, even insisting on trying to spread his simple republican idealisms among the hard-headed Machiavellians of Europe. To do anything else would have seemed to him to betray just that in his country he wished most to nurture. He may have lost many battles, but he probably won his war.

For America finally adopted his approach to things as if that way was implicit in the air it breathed, and it did so in no small part because of his long and patient determination that it should. Only in times of extreme crisis has the nation wavered from the course he set for it; and each wavering seems only to have underlined his wisdom, for it has come out of each as he would have feared, with less liberty and less character. America therefore owes much to the fact that for 26 of its formative years Madison was determined to prize what he saw as best in his country, and to trust it most at precisely those times it seemed most to fail.

There is of course another side to the argument, one that is much less complimentary but only underlines how significant a key to American ambiguity Madison is. Like America itself, Madi-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: In *Reason and Violence* R. D. Laing and D. G. Cooper see what they can make of Sartre (Pantheon, $5.95). . . . Henry L. Trewhitt of *Newsweek* fashions a nosegay for *McNamara* (Harper, $7.95). . . . Professor Kenneth E. Shewmaker of Dartmouth surveys *Americans and Chinese Communists, 1927-1945* with special attention to writers who hailed the agrarian reformers. Shewmaker especially likes Edgar Snow but runs through an ample list that includes Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, Brooks Atkinson and Theodore White. Only Hemingway stayed cool.

■ FILMS. Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays* will be adapted for the screen by the author and husband John Gregory Dunne. . . . *Young Winston* is a Carl Foreman-Richard Attenborough production based on Churchill's early adventures. Simon Ward has the lead. . . . Barbra Streisand will star in *Masquerade*, based on Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story, "Yentle the Yeshiva Boy."

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES. *Cruising Speed* is the very personal journal of one week in the life of Bill Buckley (Putnam, $6.95). . . . Helena Rubenstein wore jewels worth millions but still carried her lunch in a brown paperbag. Companion Patrick O'Higgins records her feuds and triumphs candidly in *Madame* (Viking, $7.95). . . . *The Collected Essays of Leslie Fiedler* comes in two volumes, $12.50 each (Stein & Day). . . . A short work by Proust, *On Reading*, is translated for the first time by Jean Autret and William Burford (Macmillan, $6). From the same house, *Dürer in America* features 235 reproductions from U.S. collections ($15.95).

McGraw-Hill's big one this fall is the four-volume *Penguin Companion to World Literature*, boxed and bound in buckram; $39.95 till Dec. 31, then $50. Individual volumes available separately in regular cloth bindings: *The Penguin Companion to English Literature*, edited by David Daiches, $10.95; *The Penguin Companion to American Literature*, edited by Malcolm Bradbury, Eric Mottram and Jean Franco, $9.95; *The Penguin Companion to European Literature*, edited by A. K. Thorlby, $11.95; *The Penguin Companion to Classical, Oriental and African Literature*, edited by D. R. Dudley and D. M. Lang, $9.95.

■ OCTOBER BOOKS. *Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt* is by La Boca Grande's great and good friend Joe Lash (Norton; $12.50 till Dec. 31, then $15). . . . *Breaking in, Breaking out* is the autobiography of novelist Nicholas Monsarrat (Morrow, $12.50). . . . Bernard A. Weisberger is the author of *The American Heritage History of the American People* ($16.95 to Dec. 31, then $19.95). . . . *The Making of Black Revolutionaries* is the autobiography of James Forman (Macmillan, $12.50).

son was very much a creature of the Enlightenment, and of those tendencies within it toward self-confidence, shallowness and ideology against which all its major figures (Swift, Pope, Voltaire) fought. During the Constitutional Convention the colonial delegates, provincial derivatives in this respect, used to sit around Franklin's mulberry tree listening to the aged *philosophe* tell them that "he thought the dispassionate, truth-seeking attitude of the natural philosophers could with equal utility hold sway" in political life. Madison was brought up on such talk. Jefferson had told him that he and his fellow Virginians, once they had no government or institutions to "restrain us from doing right" would posthaste arrange all "with a single eye to reason and the good. . . ." Madison was markedly less sanguine than Jefferson, but he never stopped believing that men of good will, given power, could avoid their own corruptions and their nation's—even mankind's and the world's—merely by exercising reason, good will and common sense.

Full of such simplicities, Madison spent a lifetime throwing common sense in the face of stubborn and intractable fact, trusting reason and good will when they were to have nothing to do with the matter. For him, such naïvetés and the Republic were two halves of a coin. And here again he but typifies the nation he helped to shape, being part and parcel of the great American experiment: that of attempting to reconcile the world of man and the world of God without knowing too much about either.

Professor Ketcham writes well and clearly and has done a commendable job. He is an example, however, of two things about American historians that seem to me to be shortcomings. One is that he is so uneasy about being relevant that he sometimes misses significance. At important points, one sees Madison voting or not voting with Mr. Ketcham and the liberal center of the American Historical Association on this or that issue of integration, busing or Vietnam policy. I'm sure Madison's significance is closer to the bone than that. Which brings me to the second thing. American historians are men who take—and take, I think, a little too narrowly—their field as American history. Professor Ketcham seems to me just not to know enough about the Enlightenment, or its relation and lack of relation to the classic and Christian traditions out of which it came to place Madison with regard to what he himself has finally to use as the important points for reference and definition. □

Agnew: The Unexamined Man
By Robert Marsh
M. Evans, 182 pp., $5.95

THE UNAMBIGUOUS MAN

GEORGE F. WILL

Never judge a book by its cover? Robert Marsh deserves a small footnote in the history of letters: he has produced a counterexample to that old rule. Judge this book by its dust jacket, the front of which features a David Levine caricature. Nixon, fangs exposed beneath a slalom-run nose, holds aloft the hand of a figure which has a featureless sack for a head. Someone is trying to tell us something.

The front flap of the jacket warns us that Agnew is "an American success story with implications far beyond the contemporary political scene." Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "Oh God! Here we go again—*Agnew Agonistes*"?

The implications of the Agnew story are suggested by the back of the jacket. It contains a brief chronology of Agnew's life. At the top, two dates are conspicuously juxtaposed:

1959
Vice President
of
Kiwanis

1969
Vice President
of the
United States

Someone is trying to tell us something. Marsh is trying to tell us that Agnew

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is not equipped by natural endowments, practical experience or philosophic wisdom for high public office. In 1962 Agnew was elected Baltimore County Executive, a position he held through 1966. According to Marsh, during those four years Agnew repeatedly demonstrated a general incompetence and moral insensitivity, along with an especially culpable obtuseness in dealing with race relations. So what kind of a louse would collaborate in elevating such a man to high office? In 1966 Marsh, according to Marsh, became a fulltime and very key member of Agnew's gubernatorial campaign staff.

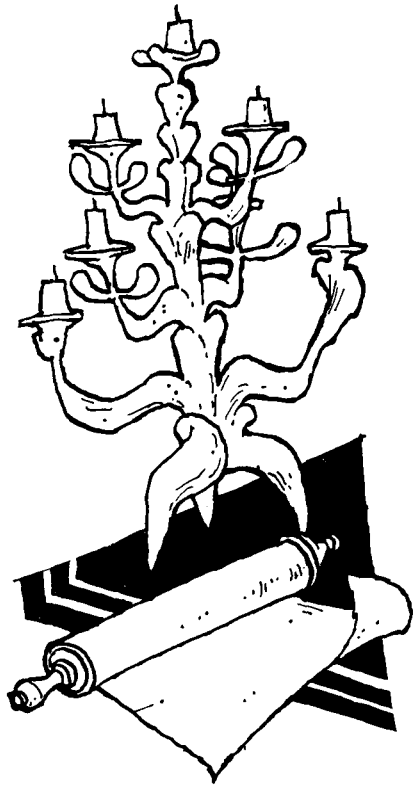
Marsh tries terribly hard to be devastating. The result is antic confusion. The following passage concerns a 1963 amusement park integration dispute during Agnew's tenure as Baltimore County Executive:

> "Morally I feel that the park should be integrated," Agnew volunteered. But then, pointing out that the state public accommodations law did not apply to the park, he said, ". . . the county is handcuffed. The Supreme Court or the state legislature must act." For a man as proud as Agnew, one who throughout his career has found it difficult to let others take the credit or tell him what to do, this is a curious admission of his own irrelevancy. It could be interpreted as an attempt to hide behind the law.

Or consider Marsh attempting to be "balanced":

> Is Spiro Agnew merely a hypocrite, and a segregationist at heart? If that is the case, he does not appear to be consciously aware of his hypocrisy, or of his segregationist instincts.

MARSH is most spectacularly wrong with his thesis that Agnew is convictionless. He believes that Agnew "has not shown himself to have deep commitments of any sort, personal, political or sociological, and that he is as incapable of self-analysis as he is of philosophic conviction." In fact, Agnew has an abundance of convictions. They may be lately developed, but they are well-developed. They concern the decline of national stamina, the rise of domestic barbarism, and the consequent epidemic of soothing delusions about man, society and our enemies. In fine, Agnew has figured out the nature and implications of the decay of American liberalism.



Marsh says, "those who have come to know Agnew in his role as Vice President view him as a political conservative, mistaking mere reflections of his personality for extreme political views." Delete the word "extreme" and Marsh has half a point. In 1968 Agnew was an instinctive, visceral conservative. Subsequently he has become a reflective, philosophical conservative. This splendid development was the unplanned result of putting a man of substantial character and energy in an innocuous office. Blessed with what few politicians ever have—time to think—he did some thinking. Then he went to Des Moines and started to change the nation's thinking.

The Vice Presidency is a notoriously awkward office. Any Vice President lacks power and that makes him a fundamentally *unserious* phenomenon in the very serious American political process. No Administration has found a way to dignify the office with substantial responsibility within the ample latitude granted by the Constitution. This is partly because latitude without delegated powers is a recipe for waste and frustration. But Agnew has adapted with singular skill to the de jure powerlessness of the office. He has read, reflected, and gained national perspective on national problems. He has become a formidable force as an evangelist for civic virtue.

Such evangelism is courageous, noble, indispensable work. But the Vice Presidency is decidedly not suited to this role, and Agnew may soon have to pay for his courage. He may have to step aside in 1972. Such is the cost of character in the curious politics of our most curious elective office.

To understand this one must understand the significant political facts about this constitutionally insignificant office. People rarely rise far in American politics by accident, and when they do they rarely last. Most Vice Presidents are "accidents" in two ways. They do not "run" for a place on the ticket, they are selected. And they do not contribute positively to the success of the ticket.

Psephology—the study of voting behavior—is almost unique in the field of behavioral political science: it yields credible, nontrivial information about important matters, such as the affect of Vice Presidential candidates on Presidential elections. There is precious little data to substantiate the theory that Vice Presidential candidates frequently affect election results. There is some reason to believe that JFK owed his victory to LBJ's campaigning in the South. But that may have been the only Presidential election in which the second man on the ticket made a difference in the outcome.

Marsh is right that Nixon decided to

> fill the Number Two position with a person as close as possible to his own image. Nixon himself, the polls showed, could be elected President, therefore he needed no help in getting votes. What he needed was someone who would not lose him votes. Next to leaving the Number Two position vacant, the best alternative was Agnew.

Agnew's asset was an ambiguous image. He was a familiar type of Vice Presidential candidate—a border state politician who had done nothing to make himself a household word, or any other kind of nuisance.

TODAY the ambiguity is gone from Agnew's public identity. Such ambiguity is a precious political commodity. It allows the politician to "preserve his options." A Vice President has virtually no options. He serves the President. But a President must have lots of options, and these are affected by the degree to which the Vice President develops a sharply defined image. As James Reston recently wrote of Agnew,

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ES WAR EINMAL, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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"unlike the humorless calculators in Washington he is at least faithful to his principles and his prejudices." That is the truth and the rub.

Agnew has made the most of an awkward office. But the question arises: What more can he do for the Nation or Nixon? His next service may be passive, as befits a Vice President. If the Nixon Administration wants to change its image, Agnew will be cashiered. After all, in this Administration Agnew is *the* advocate, *the* man of articulated principles. All this suggests a melancholy comparison with the politics of another age. In 1861 men like Marsh were alarmed by the rapid rise of another product of vulgar American upward mobility.

1851
Defeated One-term
Congressman
Struggling Springfield
Lawyer

1861
President
of the
United States

Lincoln's career combined power and a concern for cultivating the principles which nourish civic virtue. Today only the most powerless, "accidental" politician will act on such a concern. And having acted, and dissipated the asset of ambiguity, he may exit. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: *The Northern Voyages, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Oxford University Press, 712 pp., $15).* "Old men should be explorers," wrote T. S. Eliot in *The Dry Salvages.* Well into his eighties, Samuel Eliot Morison has launched a promising new voyage —a voyage of rediscovery, chronicling the pre-seventeenth-century North Atlantic voyages of the navigators and adventurers who opened up North America. Even the searches for mythical island paradises and cloud kingdoms are not overlooked by the indefatigable biographer of Columbus and John Paul Jones. Admiral Morison is spirited, literate, sound on his facts and—perhaps most important of all—a sailor with a love for the sea. To read his account of Cabot, Ericsson, Gomez, Cartier and the rest is not only to retrace their steps, but to feel the pull of the sea, and the unknown that lay beyond it. The Admiral's calm examination of documentary evidence is reinforced by his commonsense knowledge of navigation. It enables him to puncture some of the airy hypotheses of the armchair historians and ethnic exhibitionists who have hogged the forefront lately. A first-rate binding and printing job, and a good selection of contemporary documents, charts and portraits, as well as some enlightening photographs of historic sites, justify the cost of this formidable volume. At a time when some are scornful of space exploration and decry our hopelessly "sick" society, Morison poses a good question. "What if England and France had given up trying to establish colonies after the failures we are about to relate, and had become ingrown like certain other European countries, or Japan? What if they had written off North America as worthless, for want of precious metals? Where, then, would you be?" he asks. Where, indeed. A. BAKSHIAN

LITTLE CESAR, *by Ralph de Toledano (Anthem, 144 pp., 95¢).* This is the story of how César Chavez did it. How a cuddly —some said angelic—Mexican-American forced the "mighty" grape growers to recognize his union. Ralph de Toledano also tells the story of the people most hurt by the settlement: not the growers, but the grape pickers. Chavez first asked the pickers to join his union, but very few did. He then had some SDS types brought in to play starving grape picker. Soon, thanks to the media, religious leaders and concerned statesmen of the leftist persuasion, the world heard of the tragedy at Delano. The boycott followed. Chavez now had the country behind him, but he still couldn't get the workers. As luck would have it, he didn't need them. The growers had to start selling their grapes or go out of business so they signed a contract with Chavez, and neither Chavez nor the growers consulted the pickers about the settlement. But the crisis was over. Little César had won his battle and he was happy, and Americans could start eating grapes again, thereby making the growers happy. A fairy tale ending, if only the pickers would be happy. They're not, and the final two chapters tell what they are doing. With the aid of the National Right To Work Committee, the pickers are going to court to find out if the contract between Chavez and the growers is binding on them, a third party not involved in the settlement. This is the last step for the grape pickers; Toledano hopes they won't be disappointed again. K. LYNCH

POWER IN AFRICA, *by Ruth First (Pantheon, 513 pp., $10).* The causes of the numerous coups in the independent African states are thoroughly and capably analyzed, and Miss First is merciless in her examination of the new elites—political and military/civil service—scrambling for the spoils. She is, however, a romantic revolutionary in the tradition of Frantz Fanon and René Dumont. A socialist revolution led by "the people" (she cites the fighting phase of the Algerian revolution) seems to be her solution. But revolutionary élan is notoriously short-lived and the "purest" leader cannot maintain national life at a fever pitch. If the small educated elites cannot eventually find their footing, who can? Miss First is equally unrealistic in economic matters. An elaborate set of social services is proposed with no visible productive underpinning. And "primitive accumulation" is a decidedly odd term to apply to lavish consumption and conspicuous spending. E. B. MEYER

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Arts & Manners

THEATER

W. I. SCOBIE

Up from Othello in Los Angeles

Los Angeles—Legitimate theater is alive and winning Tony awards here. At a time when the most modish entertainment in the ever-experimental city is to get zonked on strawberry LSD and go see Disney's *Fantasia*—a Forties flop recently revealed as the first psychedelic love-in—the Centre Theatre Group is showing that something more cerebral can still draw crowds. And of play and players originally connected with CTG's 1970 productions, no less than nine this year won Tony awards. Now, of several brave new shows, one at least deserves to sweep every award on the board: The Paul Sills Story Theatre version of *The Metamorphoses* is a delight.

But first, in looking at the LA season, the worst. Great things were expected of CTG's current *Othello*, a first Shakespearean production from our local Palace of Culture. James Earl Jones, after all, has played the Moor on five previous occasions, and he is probably among the best half-dozen actors in America today. One hoped for a definitive performance. No such luck.

Abysmal the mystery of what this production supposed itself, in general, to be saying; insoluble the riddle posed by Mr. Jones' account of the leading role—until he himself explained.

"Oh, I tried to lay some King's English on it the first time around. You buy all that rot about what poetry's supposed to be—you know. 'If you deliver the line well, it'll carry its own emotion.' You ever hear that one? I thought there was a difference, but I'm discovering now that there isn't . . . in approaching the character initially we mumble and pause a lot, the same as in a modern play. It's the only way to bring it alive. We're not doing a poetry reading, we're doing a drama."

Alas, mumbling and pausing do not bring poetry "alive." They murder it. Mr. Jones, one of the best half-dozen mumblers and pausers in America today, swallows words whole, or spits out entire throatfuls like sunflower seeds: so unexpected are his stoppages, so improbable his caesurae that one suspects a foreign accent, or at least an impression of Laurence Olivier as the Mahdi, is being essayed.

It is, in a sense, a virtuoso performance. Rages tower, and robes swing re-

gally; fits are authentically epileptic and the histrionics border upon hysteria. Yet the parts never merge into a convincing whole.

John Berry's direction helps not at all. Berry and Jones have now done four plays together and they appear to indulge one another's bright ideas rather uncritically. Mr. Berry's view of the play's crucial problem is that Iago is "only a reflection of some existing malignancy in Othello's soul: Each man has his own Iago." The trouble with this, on stage, is that Iago—never a very credible character—suffers a further loss in reality, and Othello another debasement of his dignity. To attempt in the theater to imply that Othello and Iago are two sides of one man only weakens the essential conflict and baffles the audience. Shakespeare's lines allow the Moor nobility in his most frantic excesses; but Mr. Jones grovels so dismally in the dust that we have lost patience with him long before the end.

If Ovid's *Metamorphoses* seem an improbable subject for translation into contemporary theatrical terms—well, they are. But to see it is to believe it, and to attempt to describe this magical and very funny production would be to spoil it. Paul Sills and his cast—with not a weak link among them—create on a bare stage illusions more real than the most costly sets could provide. Anyone who has seen the Story Theatre's earlier version of Grimm's fairy tales—which went on to great success in New York—or the condensed National Educational Television production, will not be disappointed. In Los Angeles, the show broke all box-office records.

A British import, *Abelard and Heloise*, was in my view another winner; but it has suffered an odd critical fate. Ecstatically received in London, it was dismissed by some people here as "rather a yawn" and charged with banality. Why such disparity of opinion? Fashion dictates a gamey dose of psychoanalysis à la mode for historical characters in the theater these days: They must be shot down in Freudian flames. A play that is elegantly written, lacks obscenity and treats of the ancient conflict between flesh and the spirit, this world and the next may be a little unsettling. But is this, for example, banal:

"Marriage seems to me the effort to make that permanent which is in its nature transient: a compromise with the flesh, to which the Church in its great wisdom has given its blessing, considering it as an indulgence that brings its own chastening."

Not really what California wants to hear. The piece—taken by Ronald Millar from the classic novel by medievalist Helen Waddell—is finely acted, though, and audiences certainly noticed this. Keith Michell is a heroic, if un-

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scholarly Abelard; Diana Rigg is a touching Heloise, though not quite my conception of a virgin destined for the nunnery.

Greater popular enthusiasm was generated by another new play in a more contemporary idiom, Harvey Perr's *Rosebloom*. Mr. Perr is a young Jewish author, and at the heart of his play is that wonderfully funny (to young Jewish authors) figure, the Jewish mother. He boasts that he wrote it in six days. Six weeks should be sufficient to remove the more opaque vulgarities in the text and allow us to see the rattling good play that is probably interred here.

"Shows *immense* promise," murmurs *criticus*, dodging spatterings of liquid from the whisky glass with which our non-hero—a wheel-chaired epileptic cripple—is simulating masturbation at the edge of the stage, an indispensable feature of any son-of-a-Jewish-mother routine.

Unquestionably the worst play of this or any recent season was Mart Crowley's *Remote Asylum*. This tale of an aging actress agonizing in an Acapulco villa, at the mercy of a swarm of swishy servants, failed writers, fraudulent playboys and other jet-set refugees is a ghost from the melodramatic Fifties. A few funny lines ("I'd love to go to Hawaii, if they'd just stop playing that music") cannot save it. Mr. Crowley has explained, in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, that the play was not so much a try-out as a put-on. He knew it had flaws. But the idea was "to put it on here, rework it, revise it even while it was playing. . . . Now any chance the play had of going on from here is dead, murdered. . . ." A case of justifiable homicide. Crowley apparently wrote *Asylum* before *Boys in the Band* and saw it rejected by various producers before Elliott Martin put it on against the advice of colleagues on the CTG board. Mr. Martin has since resigned as artistic director.

Non-play of the month is a piece of guerrilla theater mau-mauing called *Angela Is Happening*, which foretells the rescue of Miss Davis, the University of California's favorite Communist, from her prison cell. A mention of the judge who died in the Marin County courthouse tragedy is greeted with derisive cheers. This is the sort of evening that makes one appreciate bank robbery as a means of revolutionary fund-raising. □

MUSIC

SHELDON M. SMITH

Here Comes SuperJudas!

Something weird is going on in religion. The churches are complaining that Youth is leaving. This is not a new complaint: There is a natural age at which youth moves out—usually, but not always, to return.

What is weird is that, while the kids are leaving the churches, they are not leaving religion. You don't need to go looking for "Jesus freaks": just tune in your nearest folk-rock station. It is likely to sound like a tent-meeting. If it isn't Elvis Presley telling you about Everlasting Life, it is one of several groups urging you to "Put Your Hand in the Hand of the Man from Galilee," with faint echoes of the winter hit "Amazing Grace." AM radio today sounds like those stations that used to appear out of nowhere at 2 A.M. with hymns about the Gospel train ("God is the conductor, Jesus is the engineer"), and commercials that would have put Mencken under the bed ("Get your true-life statue of Jesus Christ: that's J-E-S-U-S, of *biblical* fame"). But the records in question are not emanating primarily from the Peruna belt: They are coming from your favorite rock stations in New York, Chicago and points west. All of which does not mean that station managers coast-to-coast have had simultaneous conversions. What it means is that this is what the kids want, and that is where the bread is.

Then there's *Jesus Christ: Superstar* (Decca), a rock Passion. Kidwise, you can't avoid it. Every high-school and college student seems to know it, love it. Spontaneous groups get together to listen and discuss. Road companies of indifferent merit play it to packed houses. Churchmen are meeting the phenomenon in typical fashion: The modernists hailing it as the greatest thing since the last Apostle died; the traditionalists crying "woe, woe" and pretending it doesn't exist. Neither of these reactions is much to the point. The point is that this is what youth is listening to at the moment, and some sympathetic discussion is called for.

What must be said first is that much of *Superstar* is superior music. Mary Magdalene's lullaby "Everything's Alright," and "I Don't Know How To Love Him" are as lovely as anything in recent years. "King Herod's Song," with a ricky-ticky piano, is just right: after about two listenings you find yourself saying, "Yes, Herod probably was just that kind of bored, supercilious wimp." The Apostles come through in refreshing Gilbert and Sullivan style:

Always hoped that I'd be an apostle.
Knew that I would make it if I tried.
Then when we retire we can write the gospels,
So they'll still talk about us when we've died.

The individual characterizations are a mixed bag. Mary Magdalene is portrayed as a *demi-mondaine*, which is not really fair, but not unique either. Generations of playwrights have written her as no-better-than-she-oughta-be, and once more won't hurt her. "I Don't Know How To Love Him" is better theology than the author perhaps realized. The closing lines ("He scares me so; I want him so; I love him so") are perfectly descriptive of what Rudolf Otto called the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*, and not far from what classical theologians called prevenient grace: You want God, but before you can have Him, you must come to Him on His terms.

THE CHARACTERIZATION of Jesus is the big disappointment. Perhaps this is inevitable. Camus wrote: "Jesus profaned is no more than just one more innocent man whom the representatives of the God of Abraham tortured in a spectacular manner." From a dramatic standpoint, however, it is difficult to portray Jesus without profaning Him.

Even so, the Jesus of *Superstar* is simply not credible. He is an hysteric. He screams "Heal yourselves" at the crowd. The Last Supper winds up as a shouting match with Judas. You find yourself asking: "Would any bunch of fishermen and tax-collectors have left good jobs to follow this leader?" and the answer has to be no. One discerning reviewer wrote that it was possible to see, in this portrayal, Jesus as a rock star, Judas as his manager, and Mary Magdalene as a groupie. That, I am afraid, is about as far as you can get.

But Judas is a gem. Judas is ambitious, frightened, smug and confused. Judas is all for the Revolution, but he wants one that won't cost him a thing.

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Judas is the perfect radic-lib of all time: He wants to know, but above all he wants to be liked.

The ending (instrumental) is gorgeous. Andrew Lloyd Webber deserves respect as a composer, as does Tim Rice as a lyricist. But your final thought is apt to be that ours is an age that understands Judas better than his betrayed Master. □

MEN & MANNERS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Billy and Aimee

I first encountered Billy Graham in 1950 when he came to Boston for a week's revival. Fresh from Bob Jones College, he then held to the literalness of the King James Version with a fundamentalist fervor that he would later modify in favor of Madison Avenue. Heaven was still to him the four-square city of jasper and gold like unto glass, twelve thousand furlongs in length and breadth, dimensions that he conveniently transcribed for us into modern equivalents. By his calculations the Heavenly City was 1,500 by 1,500 or 2,250,000 square miles—with an urban density of about ten thousand inhabitants to the mile.

Billy was still a long way from the platform that would find the affable gaitered Archbishop of Canterbury seated behind him and Dr. Roger Bannister kneeling among the penitents. In Boston the Catholics held aloof on doctrinal grounds, the Unitarians from antidoctrine and the Episcopalians for social reasons. All the remaining Protestant sects participated, but just the same Billy didn't quite make expenses.

Aureoled by the spotlight, Billy looked the embodiment of church, home and country. The square jaw, the carefully marcelled hair, the engaging smile seemed to suggest Mother's Day even as the mobile lips spoke of Heaven. Yet there was something curiously archaic about him that I, in the balcony watching his highlighted curls, could not quite place. Then suddenly it came to me. Billy was the poster male I used to see on the billboards of the Dudley Street elevated station on my way to the Roxbury Latin School, a type that was later superseded by the more knowing Esquire gent. Billy was the Arrow Collar Man!

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON I saw only in the autumn of her career. She too had come to Boston for a week some time before World War II. Her revival was in the Boston Arena, a cavernous made-over hockey rink. It had begun damply with poor attendance, so to add local interest Aimee placed one Jessie Costello in the front of her Four Square choir. Jessie, who had been acquitted a few weeks before of murdering her policeman husband, was a younger woman than Aimee. When Aimee discovered that people were coming more to see Jessie than to hear the Word, she banished her to the back row.

Somehow the old enchantment that had built the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles just wasn't taking hold in the Arena. On the rainy night when I was there Aimee religiously followed her familiar routine, but Heaven never quite seemed to come through. First her assistants brought out a gilded extension ladder for her climbing-up-to-Heaven number. Dressed in a flowing ascension robe, maiden - formed, she tossed her blond curls aspiringly and quoted Scripture as she slowly mounted rung by rung to the invisible gates. Several other tableaux followed, including one with the choir as a band of pilgrims—which again drew attention to Jessie. I could see Aimee's frown. Then came the collection.

"The clink of metal makes me nervous," Aimee remarked incidentally, "but the rustle of paper soothes me." Wires were strung out with clothes pegs to which one could pin dollar bills.

After the collection came the final number. As the choir sang "Fling Out the Lifeline," Aimee appeared from behind a curtain in a miniature dory with wheels attached to its sides. She was dressed nautically in a satin blouse and bell-bottomed trousers very tight at the seat. A spangled sailor's cap perched on her head.

While the dory was being towed about the platform by two acolytes in naval uniform, Aimee led the chorus, stopping every now and then to throw out a Bible that trailed a long white ribbon. Soon the front of the Arena was crisscrossed like a spiderweb. After the last Bible had completed its arc, Aimee made her appeal for converts. She glittered alone in the spotlight, the rest of the stage in darkness.

"I want to see how many believe here," she whispered through the microphone in her husky voice. "I want to see all your hands go up. All over the hall! Let's see them now!" A man near me in a high stiff collar who looked like an old-type traveling salesman raised his. "Now I want all of you to come up here on the platform with me," Aimee announced. The Four Square workers began to circulate down the aisles. I could hear a worker's shoes squeaking behind me. Then the squeak stopped and he tapped me on the shoulder.

"How are you with Jesus Christ, brother?" he asked me.

"Very well," I said. "How are you?"

"Come on up and get saved."

We joined the rest and straggled forward. Aimee was waiting for us at the top of the steps. That beautifully made-up face was flesh-painted steel. Her smile flashed like a toothpaste advertisement, but her eyes were agate. She gave me her hand in a quick thrust that spun me past her. Then a tall man of wrestler build pressed his palm down on my shoulder and I sank to my knees beside a plump sagging woman worker in stringy hair and a brown suit. She put her arm around me maternally.

"Tell it all to the Lord, brother," she said. "Tell it all to Him. Let not your heart be troubled. That's *His* business. Tell it to Him," she repeated a little more insistently.

"I'm a sinner," I told her.

"Praise God, hallelujah! That's right, brother, tell it all to the Lord. Just tell Him about it. What did you say?"

"I said I'm a sinner."

Aimee had vanished for good behind the curtains. My knees were beginning to hurt. The women kept right at me. "What?"

"I'm a sinner. You hear me."

She wanted me to be more specific. In the end she gave me a New Testament bound in brown oilcloth, and the wrestler produced a postcard and told me to write down my name and address. I put down James Roosevelt, Hyde Park, New York. Whether he and Aimee ever got together I don't know. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 681)

ship in Allied and national espionage he turned to supranational as long ago as 1945, long before Ian Fleming thought of writing (if my information is right) and certainly long before the birth of James Bond. The Man from Uncle, Our Man Flint and a host of others followed. I am sorry indeed that Dr. Palfrey came through to Mr. Coyne as "characterless." Perhaps this is due to exhaustion after having fathered so many progeny, all unacknowledged. But, as this letter surely shows, both Dr. Palfrey and I are fiercely proud of the gay, forceful, buccaneerish, meteoric characters which sprang, as it were, from our loins. Perhaps the parenthood would have been more obvious had Dr. Palfrey's sex life not stopped at the bedroom door!

Tucson, Ariz. JOHN CREASEY

Red Star over Malagasy?

Anthony Harrigan's article "Red Star over the Indian Ocean" [April 20] has focused attention on a too-often-overlooked area of the world. All of the sea commerce moving between East and West, whether using the Suez Canal or the Cape route, must pass through the Indian Ocean. An undisputed Soviet naval dominance of this area would certainly tip the balance of power in the Southern Hemisphere.

However, I would disagree with Mr. Harrigan's contention that "Madagascar could be turned into the Cuba of the Indian Ocean." Malagasy is a French-dominated Republic, tranquil by comparison with any, and economically Western-oriented. Also, the citizenry is primarily of Asian lineage and not likely to desire to cross swords with the white-dominated countries of southern Africa. Last year the government of President Philibert Tsiranana signed economic and financial agreements with South Africa and closer future ties seem inevitable as both countries look outward. In addition, Malagasy desires a large increase in tourism, of which South Africa is the major potential source. Mauritius, though less stable than Malagasy, is more distant from Africa and blocked by Madagascar.

Danger to southern Africa lies mainly in the possibility of aggression from a Marxist-dominated country directly north of the Zambesi (such as Tanzania) supplied by Soviet warships. The greatest danger, of course, is that the West, particularly the U.S., may one day foolishly decide to withdraw support for South Africa. The Russians would then, it is certain, be quick to move in.

E. Williston, N.Y. DENNIS GILL

SST and Free Market

"Why couldn't private business put up the money if the SST is such a hot proposition?" wrote James Burnham in his April 6 article ["SST: Dead Duck or Phoenix"]. Unfortunately, he treated this idea as an afterthought. Couldn't he perceive that this question went to the heart of any honest conservatism?

Highlighting the liberals' exaggeration of the environmental dangers is beside the point. Actually, Mr. Burnham knows that not the environment but the integrity of the free-market system was most gravely threatened by this subsidy. What will Mr. Burnham say when he is asked to defend his opposition to socialized medicine: That it is dangerous to subsidize the poor, but perfectly consistent with freedom to subsidize the rich?

If Boeing, no more dependable a friend of free enterprise than any other bureaucratically dominated corporate giant, cannot demonstrate to private lenders the potential profit in developing supersonic transportation, then presumably the market would prefer to spend its chits elsewhere. If the government must support the SST for defense reasons let it say so, separate the commercial and military aspects of the project, and subsidize the latter exclusively. (A larger issue than economic efficiency is involved here. It is the proposition that our free political order rests on a government genuinely dedicated to untrammeled economic transactions.) The fact that the government is likely to realize a sizable profit from its investment or that it is necessary to promote employment are excuses that are constantly used for government involvement in nearly every area of the economy. The argument is the very essence of Keynesian welfare economics.

The proper role of government toward the SST is to establish regulations that insure the public against encroachment on its rights to a safe environment. This will, no doubt, encourage the aircraft manufacturers to come up with satisfactory

(Continues on page 720)

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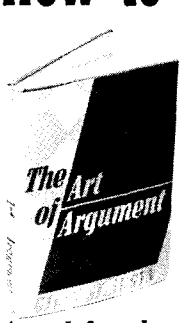

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Fred Allen:
Letter to Bob Welch
(August 15, 1949)

Enclosed you will find a blade of grass. This grass is from the other fellow's yard. Take it. Step out of your office and go into your yard. Pluck a blade of your grass. Compare the two. Then you will know whose grass is greener. (From *Fred Allen's Letters*, edited by Joe McCarthy)

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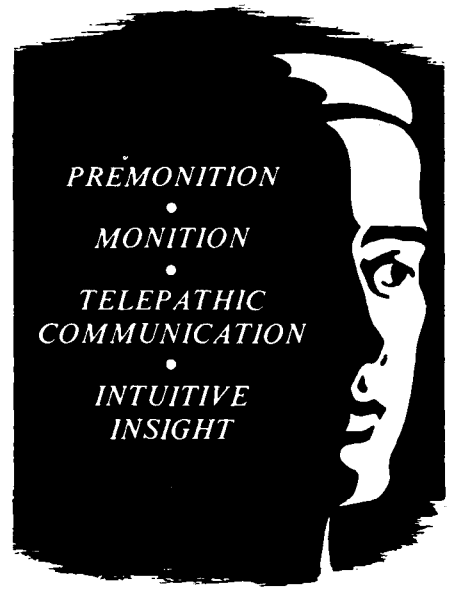

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 717)

noise-suppression and exhaust-control equipment which will permit them to realize the profit inherent in the market. If this is not the case then the project is not justified commercially.

It is uncomfortable to be linked with Senators Proxmire, Bayh and Javits even in the defense of a fundamental conservative position, but even the devil can be right in these foggy times.

Lynbrook, N.Y. ANDREW E. CARLAN

I share with Mr. Carlan and with conservatives generally a presumption *in favor of the free market, and against governmental intervention. However, in the real world (as distinguished from the theoretical world of Von Misean abstractions) it does not follow that governmental intervention is never in order. Many different sorts of considerations—from national security to compelling public need—may, in the given case, override the presumption, and have frequently done so throughout the history of our country. In today's intricate society, moreover, there is inevitably a border country where private and governmental enterprise overlap, and we Americans have demonstrated a special creativity in operating therein. I believe that government—as well as private industry, which does nearly all the actual research, development, and production—is rightly involved in, for example, the Apollo and space shuttle programs. I believe this also concerning the SST, for reasons that I have indicated in* NR *on several occasions. I recognize, certainly, that this is a prudential judgment about which reasonable men may reasonably differ. At the least, I do not need to share Mr. Carlan's discomfort over the company—which, on the scale that the record shows, can hardly be accidental—of Messrs Proxmire, Bayh, Javits and all their ideological ilk.* —JB

COXE

(Continued from page 703)

dence here of thousands of American draft-dodgers. Every university faculty is peppered with U.S. expatriates who denounce their homeland. Left-wing radical groups are permeated with them. As an educated, articulate hate group, the draft-dodgers will obviously be of permanent significance.

The radicalization of the socialist New Democratic Party is frightening. The most vocal wing in the party—the so-called "Waffle" group—demands policies indistinguishable from Salvador Allende's. The party recently announced a "compromise" on the question of nationalization: Instead of bowing to Waffle demands for total nationalization of large industries, the party calls for nationalization of American oil and mining investments.

That the NDP is still only a strident minority nationally is due largely to its inability to elect a single MP from Quebec. Outside Quebec, the NDP is gaining strength rapidly. Should Quebec secede within the next decade—and that's still a possibility—the NDP could become the government of Canada. In that event, it's virtually certain that U.S. oil imports would be in jeopardy.

Few decisions President Nixon makes this year will have greater long-range significance for U.S. security than his decision on TAPS. Had Anaconda and Kennecott believed Allende was likely to come to power in Chile, they would not have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in new copper mines during the past decade. Oil imports are a much more sensitive problem, because even a temporary interruption by a blackmailing government could weaken the United State in a time of international crisis. Many prominent voices are speaking for the environment: Who speaks for security? □

GREGORY

(Continued from page 702)

on the Trail, post-operational assessments indicate that Hanoi suffered a setback of six to eighteen months in its logistics timetable.

More important, Saigon is in an even better position for a second strike on the Trail, and the South Vietnamese army seems to have the capability to keep up the pressure almost indefinitely while, according to best estimates, Hanoi cannot continue its defense.

There is substantial evidence that the mounting threat to the Trail, as Souvanna Phouma has suggested, may well have become the decisive factor in a gruesome, inhumane war of which the Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian people—in whose name it is presumably fought—have had their fill. Quite clearly, the key to the Second Indochina War is the battle of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, a battle that is likely to be even more decisive than Dienbienphu was in 1954. But now it is North Vietnam whose human and material resources are strained to the breaking point. □

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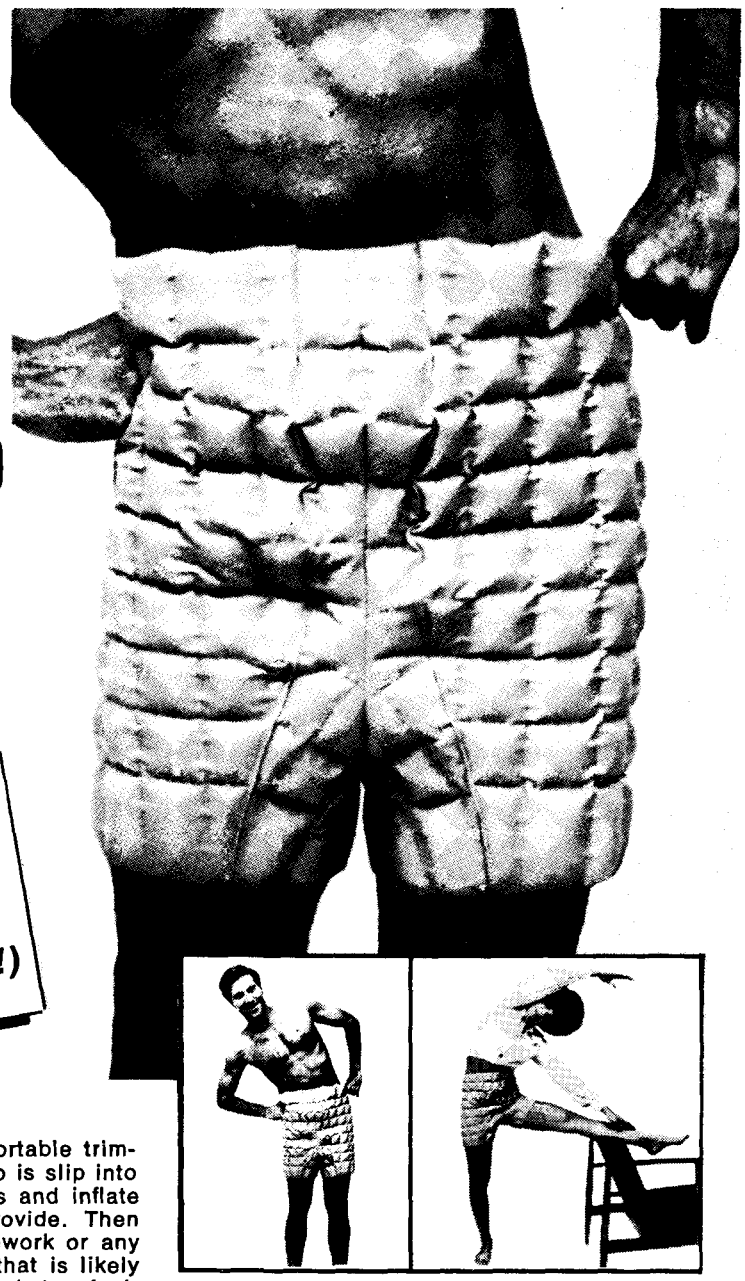

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Mr. McCloskey v. Nixon

On The Right

New York, June 6—Congressman Paul McCloskey is the gentleman from California who proposes to Dump Nixon, which is the elegant phrase we are encouraged to use nowadays, and of course the very use of it contributes to the humpty-dumptiness of Mr. Nixon's image. Imagine, by contrast, a movement called: Dump Lorenzo the Magnificent? Somehow, the words cannot navigate their way out of one's mouth.

Speaking of mouths, Mr. McCloskey uses his with extraordinary looseness. The kind of things he goes about the country saying—that Mr. Nixon and his ambassadors and representatives are liars and enemies of the Constitution, that they are engaged in unlawful and genocidal activity, "exactly the same thing we hanged the German generals for"—would have made Joe McCarthy blush for the immoderation of it all. But, of course, in criticizing Nixon, every good liberal is expected to sound like Herblock, and nobody is going to blow the whistle; especially not against Pete McCloskey, an attractive war hero whose grasp of the issues is, well, indistinct.

MR. MCCLOSKEY, for instance, is determined to cultivate the legend that in Laos, the United States is systematically engaged in wiping out villages—"thousands of villages," is his phrase. Our ambassador in Laos, Mr. Godley, told him face to face that this simply was not so, that he himself authorizes any bombing of a village, and never when the village is occupied: that, to be sure, our bombs have fallen on civilians as the result of defective intelligence. So also have our bombs fallen on American soldiers from time to time because of defective communications, but it makes no more sense to charge that we are engaged in genocidal warfare against Laotian citizens, than against American citizens. Besides, Mr. McCloskey chooses to interest himself not in the whole of Laos, most of which is in friendly hands, but in a relatively small area, the Plain of Jars, which regularly changes hands after bitter fighting. Approximately 35,000 refugees have been driven from this area, fleeing from North Vietnamese assaults and American bombing. The other figure is seven hundred thousand. That is how many refugees have, in a decade, resettled as the result of North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao aggression. To focus on the refugees caused by American action, is on the order of an ecologist's complaining about the litter on the Normandy beach left by the Americans after D-Day.

Then Mr. McCloskey talks vaguely about impeaching Nixon. No—when you accost him directly about it—he never said he was *in favor* of impeachment, merely that impeachment ought to be *considered*. As a matter of fact, Mr. McCloskey is absolutely right. If Nixon is engaged in direct lies, in destroying the Constitution, in exterminating Asians for genocidal reasons, I'd vote for impeaching Nixon, and then hanging him. Mr. McCloskey has a curious turn of mind. He greatly objects to what he insists is the illegality of the current conflict, but is hardly a pacifist. He was in favor of declaring war against Korea if Korea didn't return the *Pueblo* and the crew of the *Pueblo*. During our last adventure in Korea, there were three million refugees. Mr. McCloskey seems to be saying that Mr. Nixon is too reckless in Laos, where we have lost one American killed, and not nearly reckless enough in Korea: an interesting position, which will no doubt intrigue the voters in New Hampshire when they are asked by the solemn, dedicated Mr. McCloskey to ponder it.

Or will it be someone else? Mr. McCloskey tells his audiences that he is willing to step aside in deference to any "abler Republican." I asked him who was abler than he, and he answered, well, for one, John Lindsay. I asked, did that mean that he, McCloskey, being less able than Lindsay, would have made a worse mayor of New York than Lindsay? I wish I had had time to ask him: What would you have done to damage New York more than Mr. Lindsay has done? I can't imagine what he'd have answered, except maybe, declare war against New York. Mr. McCloskey is a man of utter legal rectitude. □

JOHN KERRY'S SPEECH, I

New York, June 14—An editor of the *Boston Globe* was so thoughtful as to send me the full text of the speech given last month by John Kerry to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Kerry is the young veteran, pedigreed Bostonian, and Yale graduate, who led the veterans' protest in Washington. The headline, in the *Boston Globe*'s magazine, reveals that the *Globe* is the only newspaper which has twice published in full Mr. Kerry's remarkable address. I fear that the publication of it was intended to suggest that Mr. Kerry's statement was important other than in the sense in which I judge it to be important. It is very important.

CONSIDER the words that made John Kerry famous. Consider, first, the haunting resonance of its peroration.

"[We are determined] to undertake one last mission, to search out and destroy the last vestige of this barbaric war, to pacify our own hearts, to conquer the hate and the fear that have driven this country these last ten years and more, and so when in thirty years from now our brothers go down the street without a leg, without an arm, or a face, and small boys ask why, we will be able to say 'Vietnam' and not mean a desert, not a filthy obscene memory but the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped it in the turning."

"Where America finally turned." One needs to ask: Where America finally turned from what?

Mr. Kerry, in introducing himself to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, made it plain that he was there not to speak for himself, but to speak for what he called "a very much larger group of veterans in this country." He then proceeded to describe the America he knows, the America from which he enjoined us all to turn.

In Southeast Asia, he said, he saw "not isolated incidents but crimes committed on a day-to-day basis *with the full awareness of officers at all levels of command*."

A grave charge, but the sensitive

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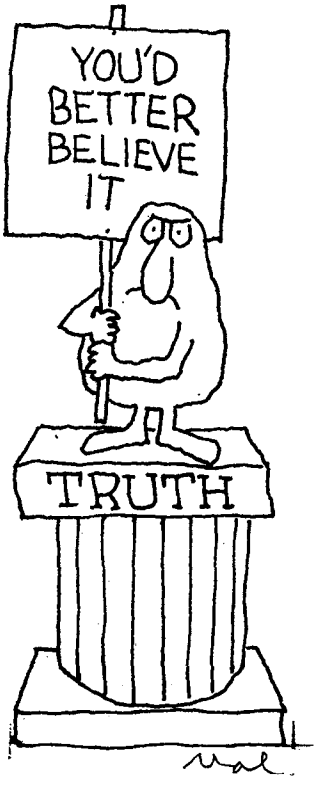
listener will instantly assume that Mr. Kerry is using the word "crime" loosely, metaphorically, as in "he was criminally thoughtless in not writing home more often to his mother." But Mr. Kerry quickly interdicted that line of retreat. He went on to enumerate precisely such crimes as are being committed on a day-to-day basis, "with the full awareness of officers at all levels of command." He gave tales of torture, rape, of Americans who "randomly shot at civilians, razed villages in fashion reminiscent of Genghis Khan, shot cattle and dogs for fun, poisoned food stocks, and generally ravaged the countryside of South Vietnam in addition to the normal ravage of war."

Mr. Kerry informed Congress that what threatens the United States isn't "Reds," but "the crimes" *we* are committing. He told us that we have "created a monster, a monster in the form of millions of men who have been taught to deal and to trade in violence, and who have returned with a sense of danger."

And indeed, if American soldiers have been called upon to rape and torture and to exterminate noncombatants, it is obvious that they should be ashamed, less obvious why they have not expressed that shame more widely on returning to the United States, particularly inasmuch as we have been assured by Mr. Kerry that they have been taught to deal and to trade in violence.

Are there extenuating circumstances?



Is there a reason for being in Vietnam?

"To attempt to justify the loss of one American life in Vietnam, Cambodia, or Laos by linking such loss to the preservation of freedom . . . is . . . the height of criminal hypocrisy, and it is that kind of hypocrisy which we feel has torn this country apart."

It is then, we reason retrospectively, not alone an act of hypocrisy that caused the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the heads of the civilian departments in strategic calculations, to make the recommendations they made over the past ten years to three Presidents of the United States: it was not merely hypocrisy but criminal hypocrisy. Underlying that hypocrisy? Mr. Kerry had the answer to that too. "All that we were told about the mystical war against Communism."

The indictment by John Kerry is complete. □

JOHN KERRY'S SPEECH, II

New York, June 16 —The indictment by John Kerry, as given in behalf of his veterans' organization to Senator Fulbright's committee, is complete: a total indictment of the practices, and motives of America and its leaders.

It is the indictment of an ignorant young man, who is willing to condemn in words that would have been appropriately used in Nuremberg the governing class of America: the statesmen, the legislators, the generals. And, reaching beyond them, the people who named the governors to their positions of responsibility, and ratified their decisions in several elections.

Now if America is what John Kerry says it is, what is it that is appropriate for us to do? The stain described by Kerry goes too deep to be bleached out by conventional remorse or resolve: better the destruction of America if, in order to see ourselves truly, we need to look into the mirror John Kerry holds up for us. If we are a nation of sadists, of kid-killers and torturers, of hypocrites and criminals, let us be done with it, and pray that a great flood or fire will destroy us, leaving John Kerry and maybe Mrs. Spock, to take the place of Lot in reseeding a new order.

Now the assault of John Kerry on this country did not arise fresh-blown in his mind. It is the crystallization of an assault upon America which has been watered over the years by an intellectual class given over to self-doubt and self-hatred, driven by a cultural disgust with the uses to which so many people put their freedom. The assault on the military, the many and subtle vibrations of which the soldier knows as keenly as James Baldwin knows the inflections of racism, is an assault on the proposition that what we have, in America, is truly worth defending. At Harvard a decade ago 70 per cent of upperclassmen answered that they would risk a nuclear war rather than surrender to the Soviet Union. This year, the figure falls to 40 per cent. The military is to be loved or despised according as it defends that which is beloved or perpetuates that which is despised. The root question has not risen to such a level of respectability as to work itself into the platform of a national political party, but it lurks in the rhetoric of the John Kerrys and their supporters, such that a blind man, running his fingers over the features of the public rhetoric, can discern the meaning of it:

Is America worth it?

That is what they are asking. And that is what so many Americans reacted to in the case of Lieutenant Calley. Mistakenly, they interpreted the conviction of Calley as yet another effort to discredit the military. And though they will not say it in as many words, they know it—know it as certainly as Einstein ever knew that E was the equal of MC squared: they know that if there is no military, it will quickly follow that there will be no America, of the kind that they know. The America that listens so patiently to its John Kerrys, the America that shouldered the great burden of preserving oases of freedom after the great curtain came down with that Bolshevik subtlety that finally expressed itself in a Wall, to prevent the inhabitants of the socialist utopia from leaving, even en route to John Kerry's America. The America that all but sank under the general obloquy in order to stand by, in Southeast Asia, a commitment it had soberly made, to the considered applause, in the witching hour of bipartisanship, to the cause of Containment.

How will the words of John Kerry stand up in the years to come? Won't they bring a wince of embarrassment to the many who applauded them, mostly because they did not pause to examine them, preferring instead to simply applaud the sound of another gun coming in from the peace forces?

I don't know. Myself, I will listen patiently, decades hence, to those who argue that our commitment in Vietnam, and our attempt to redeem it, were tragically misconceived. I shall not listen, ever, to those who say that it was less than the highest tribute to national motivation, to collective idealism, and to international rectitude. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Don't let your credit be this — 21 126 149 101 166 90 52

B. A narrow means of passage — 25 111 57 151 13 122 182 24

C. An inhabitant of Yucatan before 1492 — 29 77 3 196

D. Not causing resentful displeasure — 40 19 28 2 10 103 140 176 58 192 164

E. Normal childbirth — 60 53 143 17 79 184 43

F. The primary duty of government at any level — 110 6 42 63 104 68 117 120 152 159 34 74 134 26

G. Mournful — 158 5 59 193 178 91 109 130 145 177

H. One who complains too much about defeats — 198 172 167 45 86 157 179

I. A silvery carangid fish — 54 70 76 36 55 80 87 61

J. A studio with resonant walls for broadcasting or recording hollow sound effects — 190 16 51 119 180 203 23 93 150 30 170

K. A method of artificial respiration — 205 4 18 22 27 50 92 96 106 131 135 144

L. They comprised most of the cast of *Life with Father* — 37 114 155 128 46 100 31 129

M. In these times — 82 153 132 98 33 48 44 160

N. The surveillance of a location by the police or the place from which it is carried out — 146 136 133 121 115 138 81 142

O. To reason — 7 11 20 49 85 62 1 75 72 83 97

P. Where Roosevelt lived — 148 38 195 165 127 139 64 88 69

Q. Not very feminine — 169 32 108 137 154 156 163 194 183 112

R. Any passage by or point at which a region may be entered — 186 14 187 204 118 191 89

S. The nectar of flowers — 94 39 175 181 105

T. A drama by Euripides — 173 201 185

U. A place where outnumbered people are incarcerated — 12 65 202 123 168 71 161 174

V. He made Monmouth famous — 84 124 188 47 171 41 199 147

W. A keen and quick insight — 67 197 200 107 56 66 162 141 99

X. A functional disorder of one of the body's organs, caused by excessive smoking — 116 9 189 35 15 78 95 102 8 113 73 125

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 718 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 D	■	3 C	4 K	5 G	■	6 F	7 O	8 X	■	9 X	10 D	■	11 O	12 U	13 B	■	14 R	15 X
16 J	17 E	18 K	19 D	20 O	■	21 A	22 K	23 J	24 B	■	25 B	26 F	■	27 K	28 D	29 C	30 J	■	31 L
32 Q	33 M	■	34 F	35 X	36 I	37 L	■	38 P	39 S	40 D	41 V	■	42 F	43 E	44 M	■	45 H	46 L	■
47 V	48 M	49 O	50 K	51 J	52 A	53 E	54 I	■	55 I	56 W	57 B	58 D	59 O	60 E	61 I	62 O	63 F	■	64 P
65 U	66 W	■	67 W	68 F	■	69 P	70 I	71 U	■	72 O	73 X	74 F	■	75 O	76 I	■	77 C	78 X	79 E
80 I	81 N	82 M	83 O	■	84 V	85 O	■	86 H	87 I	88 P	89 R	■	90 A	91 G	92 K	93 J	■	94 S	95 X
96 K	97 O	■	98 M	99 W	100L	■	101A	102X	103D	104F	■	105S	106K	107W	■	108Q	109G	110F	111B
■	112Q	113X	114L	115N	■	116X	117P	■	118R	119J	120F	121N	■	122B	123U	124V	125X	126A	127P
128L	■	129L	130G	131K	■	132M	133N	134F	135K	■	136N	137Q	■	138N	139P	■	140D	141W	142N
■	143E	144K	145G	146N	■	147V	148P	149A	■	150J	151B	152F	153M	154Q	155L	■	156Q	■	157H
158G	159P	160M	161U	162W	163Q	164D	■	165P	166A	■	167H	168U	169Q	170J	■	171V	172H	173T	174U
175S	176D	177G	■	178G	179H	■	180J	181S	182B	183Q	184E	185T	186R	■	187R	188V	■	189X	190J
■	191R	■	192D	193G	194Q	195P	196C	197W	198H	199V	■	200W	201T	■	202U	203J	204R	205K	■

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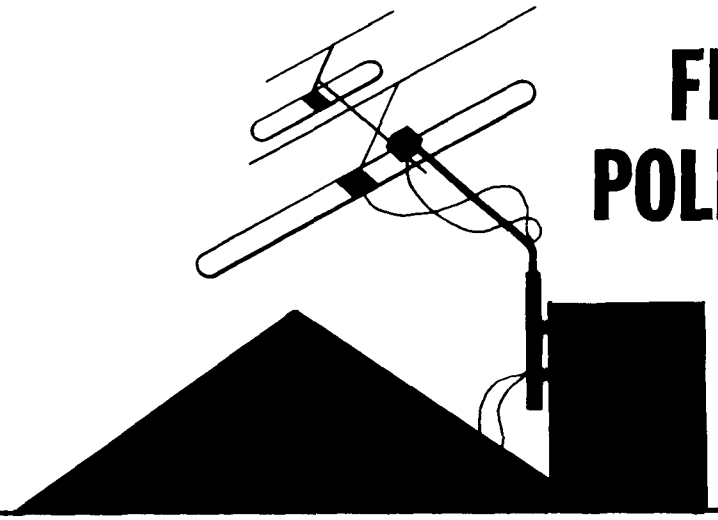

FIRST BOOK ON POLITICAL BIAS IN TELEVISION

If you like what Vice President Agnew is saying about the media, you'll love...

The Left-Leaning Antenna *by Joseph Keeley*

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FOR THE FIRST TIME, what conservatives have always known about TV is documented in a stunning book from which the Liberals may never recover.

Vice President Agnew's attack on media bias is focusing attention on what the Silent Majority has long maintained: that television leans sharply towards the left in news, commentary and programs.

Joseph Keeley, author of six books, former editor of *American Legion Magazine* and a close observer of TV for two decades, sat himself down before his tube and did virtually nothing but watch television for one month. Keeley followed that Stakhanovite performance with scores of interviews with TV insiders — and victims. His documented conclusion: *the networks are abusing their public trust.*

Today TV bias poses a whole new problem, a unique threat to free expression. The number of channels is finite, as Herbert Hoover noted when he set up the FCC. If all or most are controlled by people of one political slant, we have what amounts to a monopoly of opinion licensed and, in effect if not in intent, *enforced* by the government.

Joseph Keeley documents how far this alarming situation has already developed . . . then points the way to the kind of balance every fairminded American would applaud. Most important, Keeley offers an *action program* for concerned citizens who crave fairness from TV.

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- **British MP: "The Viet Cong cannot beat you, but I think the Columbia Broadcasting System and the *New York Times* can."**
- **The great trouble that NBC went to in order to find one weirdo on a conservative college campus — and the publicity they gave him.**
- **During the Cambodian invasion, interview shows schedule eight Left-Liberals and worse — among them Pete Seeger, Fulbright, Lindsay.**
- **ABC newsman dares to back up Agnew — to the horror of his colleagues.**
- **The one ethnic prejudice Liberals applaud — and how it's exploited on TV.**
- **The deceptions by which NBC, CBS, and ABC — bastions of Liberal censorship — paint their critics as censors.**
- **Carefully calculated CBS distortion over "Hunger in America."**
- **The TV commentator voted "least fair" by Congressmen.**
- **Police brutality at Chicago — was it actually cooked up by TV newsmen?**
- **Treason exalted on the David Susskind Show.**
- **TV ratings — do they affect Liberal bias?**
- **How Hanoi uses Leftist Senators. TV plays along — to the delight of the Reds.**
- **Good movie defending our role in Vietnam is finally shown on NBC — at 1:45 a.m.**
- **TV as political kingmaker.**
- **Why the media hate Richard Nixon.**
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- **Famous TV newsman reveals his true thoughts about Nixon and Agnew — and they won't surprise you.**
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- **IMPORTANT: conservative action program to turn the tide.**

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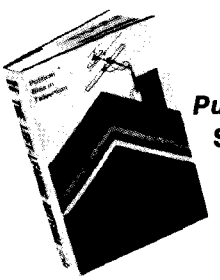

Liberal *Publishers' Weekly* Shows Why This Book Is So Important

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